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Zion's Herald.

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EDITORIAL.

Henry M. Stanley left Cairo last Friday on his difficult and doubtful enterprise for the relief of Emin Pasha. He goes to Zanzibar and thence heads a party of thousands strong into the interior. Should he be successful, he will convey the rescued party to the Congo, and proceed down that river to the Atlantic, the king of Belgium having put at his disposal the steamers belonging to the Congo State. The prayers of all good men will attend this brave explorer in this fourth and humane attempt to penetrate the Dark Continent.

Bismarck has to stand the brunt of popular indignation for the war during last week, with all its financial panics and depressing rumors. Some astute political purpose—perhaps to justify the strengthening of the Prussian military establishment—led to this. The truth is, both France and Germany are too well-prepared and evenly-matched and alert, for either to hazard an aggressive attack. But it is outrageous that one man should have the power to throw all Europe into ferment with no apparent motive.

Bishop Nide, at last accounts, was enjoying the hospitalities of the Christian residents in Bareilly, India. He was present at the closing exercises of our Theological School, Dec. 4, and handed the diplomas to the seven graduates. The *Indian Witness* says: "He expressed his surprise at the extent and thoroughness of the course of study. In the evening a reception was given to the Bishop by the students, and at least a half hundred of the most respectable native residents of the station and city mingled with a number of missionaries and English friends in doing honor to the Bishop."

The contract for building Bishop Taylor's steamer has been given to Mr. Richard Smith, a shipbuilder of Preston and Lytham, Eng., who will proceed at once to construct a light-draught vessel of steel, galvanized throughout, and capable of developing a high rate of speed. The steamer will be ninety feet long, sixteen feet beam, and five and a half feet depth of hold. She will be furnished with two deck-salons, each sixteen feet by eight, and be lighted by electricity—a masthead lamp of 1,000 candle power and incandescent lamps for the cabins. A steam fire pump will be put on board for defence in case of an attack by hostile natives; also circular saws with portable engine and boiler for use either on or off the boat; a steam winch; and a variety of instruments to interest the native chiefs and predispose them to listen to missionary teaching, such as magic lanterns, microscopes, telescopes, organs, etc. A portable telephone apparatus by which the steamer can be connected with workmen on shore, or even distant missionary stations, will also be provided. The boat will be built in sections, and be transported from Liverpool to the Congo, and thence some three hundred miles up the river to Stanley Pool, in parcels weighing not over sixty-five pounds each, reaching there in May. The numerous subscribers and friends to the enterprise will watch the progress of the work with interest.

Italy has met with her rebuff in the Sudan. Learning nothing from the bloody experience of England two years ago, she has tried, with a very considerable army and vast intricate to obtain a permanent foothold in Southern Egypt. An attempt to relieve Kassala, which has been besieged by hostile Arabs ever since the beginning of the Sudanese war by the late El Mahdi, resulted in the utter defeat and annihilation, almost, of the Italian force either by the Arabs or by their own Abyssinian allies—it is hard to tell which. The Italian Parliament promptly voted £100,000 to send reinforcements to Masowrah where the few survivors took refuge. Better keep the money to educate their people! It is getting too late in human history for this sort of foreign intermeddling on the part of European nations.

It is a rare thing—and as noble as it is rare—to find a diplomatic representative of our country in the far East, taking any interest in missionary work. Mr. Denby, our minister at Peking, while making an official tour among the ports of China last year, took pains to visit the principal missionary compounds, and to familiarize himself with the plans and methods of Christian

missionaries in that remote field. He was profoundly impressed with what he saw. It was owing to his efforts that the Chinese government consented to indemnify our missionary board to the amount of \$25,000 for damages to mission property in Chung King, and our Presbyterian brethren for injuries sustained at Quai Peng and Shanghai. But his most important service—and one for which all the churches represented in the Flowery Kingdom will have occasion to remember him gratefully—is the securing of the recent edict of toleration. Henceforth missionaries of every faith are legally entitled to preach and travel, lease land and build houses, in China. Their converts are to be protected from annoyance, and are no longer to be excluded from the literary examinations. The imperial authorities go so far as to commend the Christian system: "The sole object of establishing chapels is to instruct men to do right; those who embrace Christianity do not cease to be Chinese; and both sides should, therefore, continue to live in peace, and not let mutual jealousies be the cause of strife between them." China is now open for Christ. Would that Christendom realized the grandeur of this opportunity!

Important changes in the administration of our missionary work in China have been made by Bishop Fowler. Rev. F. D. Gamewell will not return to Chung King, owing to the animosity of the Catholic converts, who have managed to fasten upon him the odium of the riots last year caused by their own usurpation of the royal colors on their cathedral tiles; he becomes assistant superintendent of the Central China Mission, while Rev. V. C. Hart, the present superintendent, adds to his district that of West China. Dr. Crews, now in Peking, goes back to West China; his work, recently started in North China, will be carried on by Dr. Schwartz, who will be transferred from Japan for that purpose. The West China field will be further strengthened by the transfer of Rev. F. Ohlinger, one of our ablest and most experienced missionaries, from Foochow. We trust that the perplexities which had arisen in the arrangement of our Chinese work are now happily settled.

ECHOES FROM THE EVANGELISTS.

[Collected from the reports in the Boston Journal and Boston Herald.]

Too Many Undertakers.—There are too many undertakers in the pulpit.

Christ Indispensable.—We can run Confucianism without Confucius, and Mormonism with Joe Smith in the grave, but we must have a living Christ.

Dying for One Soul.—I believe that if there was a single soul on a desolate island who could not be saved, Christ would come to earth again and die on Calvary for that single soul.

Why Christ Died.—I believe that God loves the sinner as well, if not more, than He does the good Christian. God don't love the world because Christ died for it; but Christ died for it because God loved it.

The Elect.—I believe that there are elect. The elect are the whosoever will, and the non-elect are the whosoever-wonts.

A Personal Matter.—Salvation is a personal matter, and so is damnation. You can't get any one to die or be buried for you, and no one will stand before the final bar of God for you. It is a very personal matter.

Foolish Waiting.—A man says he won't join the church until he gets religion. And half the time he wouldn't know religion or what it was if he met it in the road.

Vain Waiting.—You say you are waiting for better terms. You'll wait a million years before God will take you in on any lower terms than your ceasing to do evil and learning to do right.

"What Fools These Mortals Be."—"No, sir," says another man, "I am not waiting for better terms." But yet, you want it so you can pray and dance and play cards and read your Bible all with equal enjoyment. You want it so you can go to the theatre one night and enjoy it as much as the prayer-meeting, and you wonder why it is that we Christians can't have a little fun as we go along. Ain't it astonishing that the Lord won't let the poor fools ruin themselves? A fellow told me once, "Jones, you ought not to say fool in the pulpit." "Why," I answered, "that's the given name of half my crowd. I couldn't get along without it."

Dancing.—I never knew of an intelligent person in my life that was passionately fond of dancing. If I had a daughter whose head could not be educated, I would educate her feet, and marry her off to a ball-room dude.

Conscience vs. Brains.—Some of you people think my preaching is not elegant. I tell you, if elegant preaching would have saved Boston, this city would have been in glory long ago. There's more brains in Boston to the square inch than in any place in the country. But conscience is on a dead level, and I propose to aim at conscience in all that I say.

Fitness.—Some people who stay outside say they are not fit to come in. Well, I have been in the church fourteen years, and there has never been a day that I felt fit to stay there. But I am not running on my fitness, but on the blessed faith of Christ that is given to all the world.

Common Sense and Religion.—Common sense and religion! An old brother prayed the other night: "Good Lord, give us more common sense," and I hollered "Amen;" and I would have hollered "Amen" until daybreak if he had kept on praying for common sense. I do not know of anything that religion wants more to-day than good, hard sense. I say what I have said a good many times. God puts His finger into the top of a man's head and turns it into his brain and down to his heart until He reaches his pocket-book, and then it spurts up like an artesian well. God does not put the finger into a man's heart and bear up. What would He do with the dirt? God never begins at the bottom of a thing.

Faith Not to be Prayed For.—Faith is the gift of God, just as sight is the gift of God. The power to see is from God, but the seeing is your job. The power to believe is the gift of God, but the believing is your job. Make a place in the Bible where anybody ever prayed for faith. I would as soon pray for sweet potatoes as for faith. I pray for more muscle, but if I don't lose my arm, I will use the strength I have got. Praying for faith is like praying for more grace, and if the Lord would give you a week's rations for grace, the devil would have half of it before Saturday night. Lord, help me to use the grace Thou hast so freely given! If you are ever damned, it will be on account of the grace you misuse, and not on account of what you didn't get.

Why They Can't See It.—In certain sections where cattle are kept in large numbers a device has been put into operation by which the motion of an animal in passing on a raised platform will cause the water to rise in the trough. If the animal could see down into the trough from the outside he would see that there was no water in it, and would go away. But when he goes up on the platform his weight pumps up the pure, refreshing water. One can imagine Darwin or Spencer rising up to peer into the trough of religious life, without ascending the platform, and then going away to tell their followers that there was nothing in it.

Inconsistency.—"Whoever is born of God does not commit sin." If I were to stop just at this point and say that an honest man cannot steal, everybody would say that it is a fact. If I should say a truthful man cannot tell a lie, everybody would say I agree. If I were to say a chaste man cannot be a burglar, and if I were to say a Christian man cannot sin, you would say: "Oh, don't say that, for that ruins me at the start."

Swearing and Stealing.—Any man who will break one of God's commandments will break them all, and a man who will swear will steal if he is turned loose without any bribe. A minister down South once made that statement to his congregation, and one colonel present was very angry and said to the preacher in the afternoon, "You insulted me this morning." "Why," said the minister, "weren't you in the army?" "Of course I was." "Well, didn't you steal in the army?" "Well, everybody stole there." "Exactly," as soon as the restraints of the law were off, you stole.

Not Up to the Pharisees.—You talk about the Pharisees! I wish every Methodist Church had a Pharisee at the head of its board of stewards, because a Pharisee gave one-tenth of what he had. The churches would be a great deal richer than they are to-day if that was so. Many an old fellow is afraid he will be a Pharisee. Old chap, you will not get within a hundred miles of that!

Mere Morality a Fraud.—If you are a moral, upright man, that is a good thing. But you know that a saddle and a bride are good things when you want to go riding. Still, if the horse will head the wrong way, what then? The difference between a moral sinner and an immoral sinner is that one is going along whooping and howling, and the other is heading along like a gentleman, but both headed the same way. A truly moral man is a Christian, and a Christian is a really moral man. But a man who is not a Christian, and who pretends to be a moral man, is a big fraud.

Sabbath Breaking.—The next sin I want you to escape is Sabbath-breaking. As far as law goes, Massachusetts is ahead of nearly all the States in the Union, but you don't seem to realize that every law unenforced is anarchy and every law you can't enforce is communism. You people don't observe Sunday; you have your sleigh-riding and your tobogganing, or whatever you call it. Then your liquor stores are open on Sunday, and I believe your policemen are to see that the law is not enforced. Your barkeepers are the real anarchists of this country. If I wanted to muster an army that the devil would not let into hell without disbanding, I would just beat the long roll in some of the saloons. Oh, how I hate liquor, and how I'll fight it till I die! Now on

Sunday you can find crowds of loafers on the street corners, and I imagine that I see an old buzzard flying up and saying, "Um-a-h, that's too much for me." There are just two things a buzzard won't touch—a dead dog and a crowd like that. If you should let one of those men into heaven after he got his breakfast Sunday morning he would want to jump out under the fence and make for his old crowd.

Supposing I should be asked by some man for money and I only had seven dollars and should give him six, and that night he should get into my house and steal the seventh. Wouldn't you think that was pretty mean? Well, that's just what you are doing. God has given you six dollars, and you are stealing the seventh. You may talk about foreign influences and all that, but I tell you we are all Americans over here. You may say a good many things about the South, but I tell you we have Sabbath down there.

BE STILL.

When the sea roars in its fury,
And hurls its spray on high,
As if 'twould bid defiance
To the overbearing sky,—

The sky, untrodden, gazes
On the tumult of the deep,
Till its voice sinks to a murmur,
And it rocks itself to sleep.

Thus my heart, when rent with passion,
Oft strives against God's will,
But His eternal patience
Rebukes it, and 'tis still.

M.

POPULAR FALLACIES CONCERNING LABOR AND WEALTH.

BY REV. G. M. STEELE, D. D.

III.

THAT THE ACCUMULATION OF GREAT FORTUNES IS AN EVIL.

This proposition is closely connected with the previous one, and the reasoning concerning it is somewhat the same. If the other is true, this must be true also. But the other might be false, and this still be true. For a man might increase his wealth, and yet not acquire a great fortune. Without question, the accumulation of a great fortune is an evil if it is brought about by fraud or extortion, by the strong taking advantage of the weak, by the production of any commodity which is harmful to men, and by some other means. But a large proportion, at least, of the fortunes made by individuals are acquired in no such ways. No one, I suppose, doubts that moderate fortunes are sometimes made legitimately. Wealth is accumulated by producing more than is consumed. The man who has a greater power of production than another, if he consumes no more than the other, will accumulate more. Unquestionably this surplus is his own. But in many an instance one man can produce not only more than another, but ten, twenty or fifty times as much. He may do this by reason of greater physical strength or skill, or by his power to devise better methods of applying his labor, or for organizing or directing the labor of others, so that without increasing the toil or hardship of the laborer, he may greatly increase the product both as a whole and as to the share of each individual workman. Or he may discern certain previously hidden forces, or apply them in ways before unthought of, and may thus increase the product to a manifold extent.

It has already been intimated that the principle which gives title to property is that all the wealth belongs to those who are the cause of its production. Hence if one man by his superior ability is the cause of an increased production, that increase is his. There may be reasons why he should share it with those whose physical effort co-operates with his mental power, and in wisely-conducted industrial enterprises it is usually the case that every increase of production ministers to the advantage of the common workers.

It should also be admitted that there is no limit to legitimate production except in the wants of the community. It is possible, and often it is the fact, that particular commodities are produced in quantities greater than the community needs, and that more than the commercial demand, but greater than there is any desire for. But these instances are less frequent than is sometimes believed. Often there is no commercial demand for commodities of which, nevertheless, considerable numbers in the community stand in pressing need, but cannot secure them because they have not the purchasing power; and of this they have been deprived because of their enforced idleness through some derangement in the industrial system.

There is certainly no danger of general over-production. If there were more of everything in the way of food and raiment, and of houses to live in, of furniture and tools and implements of all kinds than the whole community were in want of, I take it this would not be a very bad state of things. Men do not suffer because of plenty, but because of scarcity.

Now no one doubts—at least, no one whose opinion we need regard—that it is not an evil for a laborer to save out of his earnings from time to time enough to buy him a home, and even after that to put something in the savings bank. Such an one has accumulated a small fortune. Tens of thousands of ordinary laborers in our country do this. Probably it is done by a majority of those who are sober and industrious, and who do not indulge in costly gratifications which do them harm instead of good. But if an ordinary wage-worker can legitimately do this, why should not a man who can produce many times more than an ordinary laborer, accumulate a manifold larger fortune? There are men who produce a hundred and two hundred times as much as the average worker. There are a few instances in which one produces a thousand times as much. Is there any injustice or evil in the latter case of acquisition that is not in a smaller degree in the former? The principle is certainly the same.

The main objections to this are: 1. That a man cannot legitimately acquire property beyond a certain limit; 2. That wastefulness and extravagance are generally the consequences of such wealth; and, 3. That fortunes so accumulated become instruments of oppression.

Let us briefly consider these. Several difficulties are involved in the first objection. Where to fix the "certain limit" is one of these. As we have seen, the producing power of different men is different. Hence what might be the proper limit for one, would not be for another. One man's productive ability may be such that it is possible for him to legitimately accumulate a fortune of \$20,000 and no more; that of another man may enable him to accumulate one of \$100,000; and a third possibly of \$500,000 or \$1,000,000. The certain limit thus becomes very uncertain.

Again, if a man at forty-five years of age has by his real productive ability—which we are always supposing—accumulated \$200,000—and many have done this not only to the detriment of none, but to the benefit of whole communities—why should he, just when his powers are greater than ever, because of experience and increased intelligence, be debarred from using these powers? No reasonable man doubts that the larger the amount of capital in the community, the better it is for the laborer. Anything which tends to check the increase of capital is a damage to the interests of labor. If a limit is placed to accumulation, there will be so much the less of capital.

As to the second objection, that such fortunes are used extravagantly and wastefully, this is no doubt sometimes true. But it is far from universally the case, and when it is so, it is not always the worst that can be done with it. While, as will be shown hereafter, the profuse expenditure of the rich is not the most profitable for the community nor for the poor, it is nevertheless better than hoarding as the miser does. While this evil is liable to exist in connection with great fortunes, it is, at least, no greater than if the fortune had never existed.

The third objection, that great fortunes are instruments of oppression, may be met by calling attention to the fact that men of moderate fortune, and especially if men of narrow minds, are far more likely to be grasping, avaricious and overbearing than men whose acquisition of the largest wealth by their superior productive power, mark them as broader and more generous-minded men. In the case of the latter, too, there is far less temptation to petty meanness and extortion than in those whose ambition for wealth exceeds their capability.

It appears to me, then, that there is nothing essentially evil in the accumulation of great fortunes, even if they were up into the millions; and that the evils occasionally connected with such fortunes are such as are

likely to exist to quite as great an extent if they did not exist.

On the other hand, there are vast benefits which whole communities derive from this individual accumulation. Great advantages arise from having large capitals under the control of persons who are capable of handling them wisely and profitably. One man getting control of certain Eastern and Western railroads, was able by his masterly executive ability to arrange a great trunk line, by which Western produce was brought to the doors of our laborers at less than one-fourth the freight cost of the previous method. This was followed by other lines of the same character, so that now, while the Western farmer gets a decidedly larger price for his wheat, each Eastern consumer buys it at a lower price than before. It is true that this man was influenced by the desire of making money by his operation. But it was impossible for him to do this in this way without making every laborer in the East and every farmer in the West the better for his venture.

Within two weeks after the congregation had subscribed \$1,500, the amount was brought up to \$3,000, and then further effort in this direction was suspended until the building should be got under way, so that the people might see that we were really going to build a

chester station on the New England road; and five minutes further on Norfolk St. will bring you to the Grove Hall horse-car. It is twelve minutes' ride, by steam, from Boston, and the fare is 6-14 cents. It is on a high elevation, where the church, when finished, can be seen from almost any point a mile distant. It is on the most desirable lot in all that neighborhood. It is a hundred yards from a large grammar school which is now full to overflowing. Within the past year sewers have been placed in the two streets that meet at the church, and also in most of the other streets in this vicinity. This church is a mile distant from any other church. The community is made up largely of young and middle-aged men who own the houses they live in, and who have, therefore, come to stay. There are about three hundred families in the neighborhood, and there are twenty-five to fifty houses now in process of erection.

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Miscellaneous.

GOOD STUDENTS, BUT "POOR MEN IN VILE RAIMENT."

BY REV. J. W. HAMILTON.

It is written in the General Epistle of James: "If ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin." It can occasion no surprise, then, that a Christian minister in New England declines to become an accompanist in excluding his brethren in the same church from the privileges solemnly guaranteed to them in the New Testament. It is impossible for a Methodist preacher anywhere to be disinterested as to the attitude his church is made to assume before the public, by the exclusion of the students from the University in Chattanooga for the sole reason that they were black. And when the exclusion was followed by the report—whether to divert attention from the main issue or not, it will not matter—that some meddlesome persons had induced the young men of color to apply for admission to the University simply to make trouble, it could only be expected that inquiry would pursue every reliable source of information for the facts in the case. The writer has now prepared, at the request of the editor of this paper, a summary of the findings, which is submitted in the language of the various persons giving the information.

The first person addressed was the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church most interested, in Chattanooga. His reply was as follows:—

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST: Yours of Nov. 12 received this afternoon, and in reply I would say that the applications you refer to were made in good faith, so far as I know. The applicants were not paid, as some have intimated, because they had assured me since they applied that no one had ever at any time or in any way persecuted them to apply for the purpose of making trouble. But as this school was built by the Freedmen's Aid Society of the M. E. Church, and as they were members of the M. E. Church, and as they were not able to go away to some other school, they applied as members of the M. E. Church. I am your brother in black, for the cause of Christ.

B. H. JOHNSON,
Preacher in charge Wesley Chapel.

It was believed that the editor of the *Methodist Advocate* in Chattanooga would be in the way of knowing the truth in the matter, and he was written to also. His reply came promptly:—

"DEAR BROTHER: I have made diligent inquiry as to whether the colored men applied on their own responsibility, or were put up to it as alleged; and I find no ground for supposing that they were hired to apply. I asked Bro. Johnson in regard to the matter, and he thinks the students were sincere. One of them had been a student in the Presbyterian mixed school at Maryville, Tenn., and seemed to think that our own school would admit him. It would be well for you to write the Hon. H. B. Case of this city on the subject. He is a member of our church, is one of the first lawyers in the city, has been for several years State Senator from this district, and is worthy of all credence. He can give you the names of all the students who were rejected.

Yours Faithfully,
T. C. CARTER.

The Honorable Mr. Case replied at length to the letter written him, saying:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER: The subject of your letter of Dec. 20, 1886, is one of great delicacy and no little feeling with me. As a matter of fact, the charge that my young colored friends were put up to make this application for admission to the University is laid very largely at my door. But I assure you that there is not one word of truth in the assertion. I did not even know that they proposed to make the application until they were prepared to present their petitions. These two young men, Louis Gibbs and William Wilson, are most excellent young colored men. Louis Gibbs has been educated in our public schools. He is irreproachable in character; is bright and capable of becoming an influential man; is a member of our church, is about twenty-three years old. I have known him for thirteen years, and assure you that he needs no prompting in his efforts to obtain an education. His people live here, and he was impressed with the great advantage he would have if he could be admitted to the college here, and be educated at home.

William Wilson came here from Maryville about three years ago; had been two years in the college at Maryville. Soon after coming here, his education made him a fit person for preferment in political circles. He applied for and received the appointment of deputy sheriff of this county, and I became his bondsman. For two years he served in that position most acceptably to judges, clerks, the bar and the people. He has an unblemished character; belongs to our church or the Congregational Church, I do not know which. He is very anxious to go on with his studies, is twenty-six years old, and I am assured by both young men that their application was made in the utmost good faith, without suggestion from any one, prompted thereby by the general belief that the schools created by the Freedmen's Aid Society were open to colored students as well as to white students. They applied verbally first, tendering their tuition money, were refused, and then presented their written petition, which was referred to the board of trustees, who have, as I understand, taken official action thereon, rejecting the petitions.

Besides these, three of our most respected young ladies of color have made formal application for admission, but they too have been rejected. It is very easy, with a rival institution at Athens, to charge that some body has put up a job. This is the only weapon the local managers have of parrying the thrust which their action has aimed at themselves. They feel very keenly the effect of it in the North. As to these two young men who applied for admission, they are able to speak for themselves. They are both in the city, and I have no doubt will answer any questions you may see fit to ask them by letter.

We must stand or fall upon the broad doctrine that the mantle of our church covers all tongues, nations and kindreds of the earth, and that the philosophy of Christ is calculated to reach, and His blood to save, all men, be they white, black, red or yellow.

With great respect,
your obedient servant,
HALBERT B. CASE.

Before writing the students themselves, it was thought best to write Rev. P. M. Bartlett, D. D., president of Maryville College, to make inquiries concerning William Wilson. The following is President Bartlett's reply:—

"DEAR BRO.: Some years since, William Wilson, whose father is a colored Presbyterian Church in this town, was a student in our institution at different times for

three or four years. He was a good boy and made fair progress in his studies. He was in Latin part of the time. Of course I do not know as this William Wilson is the one you refer to. I have written him to find out. If he is, he has changed very much if any one can say anything damaging to his reputation and character. I have known the whole family for years. I can almost throw a stone from my house to them.

Yours Fraternally,
P. M. BARTLETT.

A few days later, the following additional information was received from President Bartlett:—

Will Wilson of whom you wrote, is the one of whom I wrote to you. I received his letter to-night confirming the supposition. His father has worked for me to-day. He says he has received a letter from you.

Yours truly,
P. M. BARTLETT.

On the 11th of January, the following letter was received from William Wilson:—

"KIND SIR: I received your letter some time ago, asking of me some information concerning my applying for admission to Chattanooga University. I wish to beg pardon for not answering sooner, but being very busy, I could not write you until now. You say it is reported in the North that it is or was a put-up job. I wish to say that Mr. L. C. Gibbs and myself are members of the Methodist Episcopal (Wesley Chapel) Church at this place, Rev. B. H. Johnson, pastor. No one knew our intentions; not even our pastor knew we intended to apply until we had applied.

You say you will respect my confidence. I thank you very kindly, but what I pen to you I make no secret. You ask me how we came to ask admission to this school. I will tell you: 1. Actuated by a desire to know more and to be better fitted for business life. 2. Because I preferred to be in school with white boys to test my ability to compete with them in books and by measuring arms with them there; we met in business life as man to man. Again, I once attended Maryville College. I know what it is to be in mixed schools; I prefer it.

The young ladies that applied did not make application when we did; they were a week later. I can give you the names of the ladies, viz., Miss Mary E. Gray, Miss Elsie Austin, Miss Florence Johnson, all members of the M. E. Church here. Miss Austin is now in school at Morristown, through aid of Dr. Rust, I am told. The other ladies are not in school at all.

"To whom did you apply?" When Mr. Gibbs and myself entered the building, we inquired for the president. Some one directed us to his study or office. We started to where the president was, but before we got to him we were met by Dr. Manker, who addressed us, saying, "Well, boys, what is it?" We told him we wished to see the president, to which he replied that he was quite busy; that perhaps he could wait on us. Mr. Gibbs told him then that we had come to enter school. He said: "Yes, well, wait a minute." He went into the president's study and then came out and directed us to follow him to his study. We did so. Pretty soon Dr. Warner came in, and we four were locked inside the room. Dr. Manker questioned us as to the courses we wished to take respectively. We told him—1. a business training. Mr. Gibbs more as a mechanic. He took our names after finding out what we wished to study. He asked us what had prompted us to do this? What was our motive? We told him that the opening of this University seemed to afford us the needed opportunity of getting a better education, and that was why we had applied. We told him that we were not tools in any one's hands, but that we alone were responsible. He wished to know if some of the Southern Methodists hadn't prompted us to take the step. We told him no.

Then Dr. Manker said to us that our step had put them in an awkward position, saying that while he was willing to teach colored boys as well as white boys, it would not do to admit us to the school. He said that there was in the building at that time something over one hundred students, and if they were to admit us, that in less than twenty-four hours there wouldn't be a student in the building. He said that the prejudice of the Southern rebels was so great that it would never do to admit us. We told him no. We wished the faculty to take action in regard to them. He advised us to pay Dr. Rust. He thought he would agree to pay our expenses either at Atlanta or Nashville. We told him this place suited us better, because we would be at home. I was in business at that time.

We did not see any one except Dr. Manker (Dr. Warner was present, as I said before). He told us to meet him the next evening at the Read House to see Dr. Rust, and he thought everything could be arranged satisfactorily. We met him promptly, but did not see Dr. Rust. Dr. Manker talked with us awhile, urging us to withdraw our applications; but when we refused to do so and told him the faculty must act upon them, he said, "Well, if you will trust them upon us, we can act upon them;" and turning from us he walked to the car shed.

We did not see any of the faculty but Dr. Manker. Did not get any word from Dr. Rust. I met him some weeks afterward; he did not see us any propositions to us.

Yes, sir, I was a student of Maryville College. I understand from President Bartlett that you have written him, or some one had written him, a letter of inquiry about myself. He will give you a report of me. I believe I have answered your questions; if there is anything more, I will take pleasure in answering. I am now employed as shipping clerk at Duncan and Poynt's Lumber Yard. Excuse delay. I am, respectfully,
WM. WILSON,
402 Gilman Street.

THE RELIGIOUS PARADOX.

BY REV. R. N. HOWARD.

Gen. Edward T. Beale, in a eulogy on Gen. Grant, makes this significant remark: "In his speech he was absolutely clean-tongued. Meantime, this, so remarkable in one brought up in camps, was not so much the result of any curb put upon himself, as of a natural modesty."

On this I would observe as follows:—

1. Did not the writer of the above clearly intend to convey the idea that this instinctive, constitutional modesty on Gen. Grant's part was a most exalted and commendable virtue, and that in thus making mention of the matter, he was paying the General the very highest compliment? And, speaking generally, does not common-sense suggest that the type, or quality, of character above indicated—a natural abhorrence of all uncleanness, and a correspondingly instinctive preference for that which is pure—is of the most excellent order?

2. Does not all our moral training contemplate, as the highest or ultimate result to be aimed at in the develop-

ment of character, precisely this natural as opposed to a laborious virtue—an instinctive, habitual, spontaneous, constitutional righteousness, as opposed to a more or less legal one? And yet

3. When the word of moral training—of character-building—shall have so far reached success, realized the ideal above indicated, as that men and women shall be actually born into the world with as positive a bias toward good as now they have toward evil, with a love of purity and truth and an abhorrence of evil, not only instinctive and dominant, but practically controlling, will not our philosophy yet tell us that, after all, there is really no "moral" value in all this? There is, of course, a certain practical value connected with it, since "virtue is always its own exceeding great reward;" but inasmuch as scarcely any moral desert can be based upon a virtue which is born of natural inclination, it is clear that, however blameless and pure one may be, yet if his goodness be wholly natural, be not born of "conflict and distress," judicially speaking he can hardly be said to be the better for it all. He may be positively good, and in this respect may even have reached perfection, yet in the sight of an ideal justice, he may not be esteemed to be as deserving of commendation and reward as many who, though accomplishing far less than himself in the way of actual goodness, yet have exerted themselves far more to be and to do all they ought to.

Finally: Not only does philosophy thus look askance at—seriously discount—all natural (in the sense of natural, or instinctively chosen) goodness, though essentially of angelic beauty and heaven's own fond choice, but does our theology any more know what to do with it? Theology, with a case of genuine natural goodness—holiness being naturally, instinctively preferred—on its hands, would be in very much the predicament of the man who was unexpectedly presented with a baby, and didn't know what in the world to call it. It admits that, on natural grounds, and that so far as this life is concerned, a man must reap what he has sown; so that while, on the one hand, perdition in this world is but the natural, legitimate outcome of inward corruption, however induced, on the other hand, happiness, well-being, must be the natural, inevitable issue of goodness, virtue, obedience. This also is Scriptural (see Isa. 3: 10). At the same time theology is by no means prepared to allow that this sort of virtue can ever be admitted to heaven. It may involve an angelic perfection of character; yet if only natural—born of a natural predisposition, or preference of the truth and purity in heart and life, and of the service of God—it can be allowed no place in heaven. We enter heaven, it is claimed, wholly on judicial, not natural, grounds. We are saved, not by character, but by "the blood of Christ;" not by virtue of imparted, but "imputed, righteousness;" not by virtue of what we are, but because of what somebody else is supposed to be in our stead; not so much, in a word, because of what is done in us, as because of what is done for us. The saint goes to heaven at last, not so much because he is saintly, because he is fit for and naturally gravitates toward that heavenly abode, while the good Lord would evidently find it very embarrassing to know how else to dispose of, or to what use otherwise to put him; but because, "bought with a price," his faith, under the circumstances, makes his "calling and election sure." This "appropriating faith"—an interest in Christ's atoning merits—alone constitutes the wedding garment true meekness to become "partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." The ripest of saints, we are constantly reminded, habitually testify,—

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;"

and especially in the dying hour all holy ones rejoicingly cry:—

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress,
Mid flaming words in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

Since penning the foregoing, my eye has fallen upon the following, said to be the dying testimony of one Henry Reed, of England. This Mr. Reed is represented as having been a wealthy but devoted Christian, who had spent a long life in making known the Gospel and in works of practical benevolence and charity. Finding he was about to pass away, and wishing to leave on permanent record a farewell message to his friends and the world, before his mind began to wander amid the dark shadows of death, he called for pen, ink and paper, and calmly and deliberately inscribed the following statement of his experience and full conviction:—

"After all I have said, preached, and written for upwards of forty-five years, I wish it to be distinctly understood that the ground of the hope that is within me (which hope is full of immortality and eternal glory), is not repentance toward God, although it is written, 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.' Nor is it faith, although it is written, 'Without faith it is impossible to please God.' Nor is it becoming a new creature, although it is written, 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.' Nor is it in holiness, although it is written, 'Without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' They are, indeed, great and glorious gifts, all purchased by blood Divine, for which I adore and praise a true God. Still, none of them atoned for my sins. Repentance did not die for me; faith did not die for me. My confidence is not in the gifts, but in the Giver—the eternal Son of God, who took my nature, and in that nature, as my substitute, atoned for my sins. On His finished work alone does my soul rely for pardon, holiness and heaven; and He only is made unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption."

As to the extent to which Mr. Reed's testimony was influenced by his peculiar theology, or reflects the color of his peculiar creed, the reader must decide for himself. His reference to the "finished work" of Christ in redemption, rather than to His finished work in the

cleansing of his own heart from sin, to what had been done for him rather than to what had been done in him, as the ground of his hope, suggests a Calvinistic training, as opposed to an Arminian, and looks obliquely towards Antinomianism; yet as qualified and balanced up, the statement will presumably be accepted as substantially, broadly evangelical, and would doubtless have been cordially approved by John Wesley himself. Yea, doubtless this testimony, whatever one's theology, and whatever allowance is to be made for rhetoric—the language of imagination and of emotion—is true to the instincts of every devout Christian heart.

HEAVEN, AND HOW TO FIND IT.

BY REV. R. CUSHING.

Heaven is the place of God's glory, the abode of holy angels and glorified saints. Holiness is indispensable for admission to it. We may want all else, but possessing this we shall enter; wanting this, yet possessing all else, we shall be excluded.

This truth is announced in a solemn and impressive manner by the apostle—"holiness without which no man shall see the Lord." The Saviour emphatically declared: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" "Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into heaven."

God is no respecter of persons. If holiness is required of one, then of all. The necessity of this is seen in the character of heaven. No unclean thing can enter it. It is the Saviour's home. Its services, its enjoyments, all are holy. The mind must be adapted to the circumstances of its being.

Worship is the service of heaven—its highest employment. All its services have the character of worship. It is the highest act of the mind, the most exalting. It draws out affections in the most appropriate manner. We attach to worship the idea of holiness. Worldliness, indifference, levity, irreverence in the worshiper, are abhorrent. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." A holy heart and purified affections are essential to this service.

The enjoyments of angels are holy, consistent with their nature and character. They are in the presence of God, have communion with Him, do His will, and rejoice at the repentance of a sinner in prospect of a holy life.

The society of the refined and cultured is not in harmony with the taste of the low and groveling; it is irksome to them. Scientific enjoyments and pleasures are unknown to the ignorant; some acquaintance with science is necessary to appreciate them. A museum of natural history to one unacquainted with the science, is but a palace of bugs and collection of unsightly monsters; but to the student a source of instruction and pleasure, unfolding the wisdom, skill, and benevolence of God in the wonderful structure, delicate organism and characteristics of infinitely varied manifestations of life. This is not only intellectual, but moral benefit, and has a refining influence on the heart.

We visit a friend, and array ourselves accordingly; we attend church, but not in ordinary working attire; we prepare for the occasion. How necessary that we prepare for heaven! "Be ye holy, for I am holy," is God's command. If a court dress is necessary for presentation to a king (an arbitrary rule), how much more is holiness required, that we may see the King of heaven in His beauty.

Holiness is a moral state produced by the Holy Spirit implying forgiveness of sins, through transformation by the renewing of the mind, hatred of sin, a heart in sympathy with Christ. It implies ardent, supreme love to God, resignation to His will, thorough consecration to Him, and supreme delight in His service. The foundation of this has been laid; or Christ "who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify us unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." We may accept this foundation and build on it the superstructure of sorrow for character.

Sincere, godly sorrow, firm, believing trust in Christ as our Saviour bringing that redemption and purification offered us, will secure it; and thus while God works in us to will and to do, we work out our salvation. It is not enough that we admit holiness to be necessary, without seeking it; God does not ask for want of our patronage. Nor is attendance on public worship, earnest, early, personal, persevering effort in seeking it is required. By earnest desire, fervent, continued prayer and watchfulness, we are to labor for it. This is the way in which God bestows it, and in this way only. Begun by God, it becomes our life work, a faithful unto death. We are to follow after it; it is before us, inviting and encouraging. We must be in earnest to secure anything valuable; we must have a firm purpose to obtain it; make it the leading, first business, subordinating everything to this, and then you will secure it and all else necessary for you.

We know not how short our time is, how soon our probationary state will close. If ever you reach heaven, it will be with holiness; if you ever find holiness, you must seek it, and with all your heart. Why not fully decide the matter now, and no longer leave it an open question? Why not resolve with all the heart now to follow holiness without which no man shall see the Lord?

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people; why not make earnest effort to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.—*Zephaniah Child.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

In the recent interest in the question of Young People's Societies, has it been forgotten that the Discipline has a provision which provides for this very matter?

In §262, §8, it says the quarterly conference committee on education, of which the preacher in charge is ex-officio chairman, shall "organize wherever practicable, under the supervision of the quarterly conference, a Church Lyceum, for mental improvement and to develop facilities for social intercourse; to organize free evening schools; to provide a library, text-books, and books of reference; to popularize religious literature by reading-rooms; or otherwise; to seek out suitable persons, and, if necessary, assist them to obtain an education with a view to the ministry; and to do whatever shall seem best fitted to supply any deficiency in that which the church ought to offer to the varied nature of man."

Certainly this is broad enough to cover anything that may be needed in the nature of a society for young people. This committee can block out a line of reading or study and present plans for the religious activity of young persons. It can utilize the Oxford League course, the Chautauqua course, or any other course of reading.

This, then, is an arrangement already in the machinery of the church, authorized by its law, and under the control of church authorities. This being so, there can be little, if any, reason for devising anything outside the church law to accomplish the same purpose. It will be better to operate the mechanism already in existence. The Lyceum as defined in the Discipline can do the work of all the proposed or existing Young People's Societies in our churches.

The 12mo book entitled, "The Church Lyceum; Its Organization and Management," by Rev. T. B. Neely, D. D., fully explains the possibilities of this institution. Referring to this work, Dr. Vincent has said:—

"This is an admirable manual, giving the history and development of this educational phase of our modern church life. The book is exhaustive. It contains a world of information and of wise advice. Every pastor and every superintendent should at once order a copy."

Dr. Neely's book called "Young Workers in the Church; or, The Training and Organization of Young People for Christian Activity," is also suggested to those interested in the young people of our churches; and, indeed, is the only book on the subject in existence.

Appeal

To the Ministers and Sabbath-school Superintendents of New England.

DEAR BRETHREN: In the fall of 1882, Bro. F. H. Wheeler left Wilbraham and joined the Dakota Mission Conference. He was stationed at that time at Milbank, where he succeeded in completing a very pretty church. From there he was sent to Ironsides, where he succeeded in building two churches on the circuit, and last October left a charge almost equal to any in the Conference.

Bro. Wheeler is now at De Smet, and on Jan. 2 he organized a Sunday-school; but they have no library, and no funds to buy one. He appeals to me to see what can be done toward sending a box of books from the East. Similar calls have come frequently of late, and I suppose the Sunday-school libraries have been quite recently looked over; but, brethren, will you not go over the shelves again, and see if there are not a few more books that can be spared, and send them to me, that I may forward them to Bro. W.

Singing books will be highly appreciated.
H. G. BUCKINGHAM,
Westvale, Mass.
(Express office, Concord Junction.)

Aid for Woodsville, N. H.

DEAR BRETHREN: Have you received and read the circular letter sent out from Woodsville? If you have put it by for a more convenient season, will you not hunt it up and read carefully what I have written?

One brother up to date, Jan. 11, has responded grandly. He says: "My membership is small, but I will give you two cents on every head, and one hundred cents on my own head." Now, brethren, if you all will do likewise—of course I mean those who can—it will not be long before we can have a grand jubilee, and push the principal business of the King without the hindrance of debt.

It is possible that some one outside of N. H. Conference may chance to read this and have an inspiration to help us. Do so, beloved! It will surely be a means of grace to you. Any amount, from one cent to one hundred dollars, will be gladly received. This matter must be off our hands before Conference.

Doubtless my brethren will be glad to learn of my recovery from my late severe sickness, and that I am able to do full work once more. God is setting His seal upon this mission by giving us souls. Our hearts are made glad over some old-fashioned, or rather some clear and definite, cases of conversion and entire and complete salvation from sin. A little money placed here now, in a few years, give large returns, and make this one of the most important and useful charges in the New Hampshire Conference.

A. TWICHELL.

A lady worker called at the meat market in her village, and, with much misgiving, asked the proprietor for a dollar toward paying a temperance lecturer of note who was soon to speak for the W. C. T. U. Her reply was as follows: "There's your dollar. I've sold more meat in one day since this town went no license than I used to in a week when we had saloons." The man didn't realize it, but he had made a most convincing speech to a most appreciative audience.—*Christian Union.*

Our Book Table.

The 27th volume, when the valuable series of Hubert Howe Bancroft's History of the Pacific States is completed, will be BRITISH COLUMBIA, from 1792 to the present year. This volume is a copy from the press of The History Company, San Francisco. It makes an octavo of 722 pages, with a full index of contents, and an extended bibliography, showing the wide field of literature, from the careful study of which the present exhaustive record has been made. British Columbia rests upon the northwest boundary of the United States, having an area of 341,305 square miles. The Canadian & Pacific Railroad unites its chief town, Victoria on the Pacific, on the coast of Vancouver's Island, with the Atlantic, and opens up to settlers among its mountain districts many wide stretches of fruitful soil, especially adapted to cattle ranges. Its chief attractions, however, are its minerals. The discovery of gold within its limits has drawn a large rough population into its borders. It has silver and copper mines and an apparently inexhaustible amount of coal. Fine timber is cut in its immense forests. Its coast was visited by Sir Francis Drake as early as 1595. The discovery of the gold mines occurred between 1850 and 1855. The territory was incorporated with the Dominion of Canada in 1871. The present work gives a history of the early expedition of the northern Pacific coast by the Spaniards, who have left some of their names permanently there. The appearance, character, climate and productions of the country are fully described. The incidents of its early occupation by British traders are given, and the gradual increase of a civilized population. The events attending the early settlements and struggles with the Indians are full of romantic and tragic interest. A settled government was established in 1850. The progress of civilization and population is recorded in many very interesting chapters. An extended account of the construction of the great railroad is given, and the establishment of religious institutions, schools, industries, commerce and finance. No more ample picture of this portion of our northern neighbors' possessions could be desired. The volume, at this hour, is one of the most valuable series for its account of the development of a portion of the continent near to us, and having many interests in common. It bears the marks of the hand that has given a homogeneous and vigorous style to the whole of this remarkable series of histories.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY, is the general title of a series of volumes ("The Story of the Four Evangelists" the special subject of the second) by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A. It is to be issued in five duodecimo volumes. New York: The Acadian Library, \$1.25 each. The first volume will be published last of all. The author will be collected as the race and popular lecturer in this city a year since on "Music and Morals," and the somewhat free and audacious preacher of the Broad English Church stamp. He has since awakened public attention by offering to preach in the Independent Church of Dr. Parker, London, but was forbidden just before the service was to be held, by the Bishop of London. Two volumes of the proposed series have been issued by the American publishers. The remainder of the series will appear at short intervals. The books bear the marked characteristics of their author. They are written in an attractive style, are very picturesque in description, but the writer chooses equally, for his authorities, Canon Farrar and Matthew Arnold, Dean Stanley and Keble, Newman and Strauss. One sees at a glance with what self-possession and carefulness he must accept the dogmatic statements, or casual intimations, of a man who yields his mind and judgment so readily and indiscriminately to such contradictory authorities. Saving this freedom in accepting doubt and destructive criticism as well as careful scholarship, the volumes are very interesting, and present a vivid picture of Christ and His times, and the early Christian Church.

THE SUBSTANTIAL PHILOSOPHY, by J. I. Swander, D. D. New York: Hudson & Co., Publishers. 12mo, 352 pp. This is simply an embodiment, in a catechetical form, of the philosophical and religious theories of the great Hall, J. L. D. Many of Dr. Hall's essays have been very widely read. He has new theories of light and sound, and certain very pronounced orthodox views on the plan of human redemption and future retribution. The whole system is brought out, expanded and defended in a series of questions and answers in this book. Dr. Henry A. Mott commends the work to intelligent readers as possibly being the forerunner of the "coming philosophy."

A delightful volume is SOUVENIRS OF MR. PARK, by Jessie Benton Fremont, Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 16mo, uncut leaves, with portraits that are quite unworthy in their execution of the otherwise beautiful book. Price, \$1.50. The daughter of the great Senator, whose "Thirty Years in the Senate" is a monument to his diligence and ability, and the wife of the "Pathfinder," the army general and a favorite but unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency, herself a recognized member of the best society in Washington, Mrs. Benton-Fremont's "recollections" could not but be, as they really are, peculiarly interesting. She was for many years an observant resident in the city of Washington, with the best opportunities of knowing its leading men and women and the social incidents of the hour. These reappear in the graphic pages of this very entertaining volume. No reader will be disappointed in it.

From the same house we have, LAST EVENING WITH ALLESTON AND OTHER PAPERS, by Elizabeth P. Peabody. Price, \$1.50. In this neatly-printed volume we have a collection of some of the earliest contributions to the press by its accomplished and venerable author. Papers from the *Examiner*, the *Dial*, the *Religious Magazine*, and others, on philosophical and literary themes, have been recovered from their original temporary publication, and gathered into this form, making a most valuable volume of still fresh interest, and well worthy of the attractive character of its issue.

Ginn & Co. continue the publication of their advancing series of ably constructed musical text-books for public schools and seminaries. The last issue is THE HARMONIC, TIME AND TUNE BOOK, No. 2. Seventy Songs, Arranged and Edited by Albert S. Caswell, Director of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., and James E. Ryan, Principal of Public School No. 26. \$1.55 by mail. The songs are by well-known masters, and the whole execution of the work shows significantly the hand of experts.

AGATHA AND THE SHADOW, by the author of Constance of Acadia. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.50. This is the second of a proposed series of historical romances, by a well-known clergyman and successful author, intended to illustrate early New England history. The present volume embodies the social life of the Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay colonies in their first years. The story is not as dramatic and striking as that of "Constance." Its subject is that of the first almost to the last, but it brings out, in a very vivid form, the real life and character of the early Pilgrims; their social and religious sentiments. It was not by religious sentimentalism alone that the Pilgrims found a paradisaical state even in the wilderness. Agatha is very well drawn. As Elder Brewster's daughter, she does not lack some womanly grit. Her faithfulness to her shadowed husband and her wholehearted charity to the maddened Jews are well wrought out.

John B. Alden, New York, issues the volume of his finely-illustrated edition of GUY DE MAUPRÉ, half bound in morocco. The price of the entire set of eight volumes will be \$6.00.

The same publisher issues, in a like neat form, the fourth volume of his set of HOURS WITH THE BIBLE, by Cunningham Geikie, D. D. The present Old Testament, from Rehoboam to Hezekiah. The whole set of six volumes, half bound in morocco, will be sold for \$2.30.

From the same house we have, ART AND LIFE: A Ruskin Anthology, compiled by Wm. Sloane Kennedy. 12mo, 328 pp., \$1.25. No one who has read the works of the great artist, poet and seer. Readers not familiar with the works of Ruskin, will be astonished at the breadth of the field which he has surveyed, and at the condensed wisdom and power which he has exhibited in his judgment of men and affairs. This is a rare book to take up in hours of meditation, or in short periods of rest from physical labor.

DOROTHY WOODSWORTH: The Story of a Sister's Love, by Edmund Lee. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 12mo, 226 pp., \$1.25. No one who has read the life of Dorothy, or sketches of tourists in the "Lake District," who visited the great poet of nature, can fail to have acquired an interest in the faithful, intelligent and reverent sister who yielded her whole life in reverent love and self-sacrifice to her brother. It is a little surprising that there has not been an adequate life of Miss Woodsworth. This book, however, is an interesting picture of the early years of his subject, of the Lake District, of Grasmere, of the home circle, and is numerous visitors, the family life and its incidents, of the poet and the illness which brought about his death. The volume is a very entertaining one, and adds another notable name to our increasing library of sketches of noble women.

In Harper's Handy Series we have, A MODERN TELEGRAPH: A Novel, by Charlotte M. Yonge, which

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C. D. HILLS.

number of persons have

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pastor, Rev. W. W.

Hall, has received five persons on proba-

tion and three by letter, and the pros-

pect is encouraging.

Fairhaven. — There has been a deep

religious interest here since the com-

mencement of the present year. Pastor

W. F. Davis has had the pleasure of

seeing souls come to Christ.

Provincetown. — Revival services have

been held in the Centenary Church each

week since Christmas, under the direc-

tion of the pastor, Rev. G. C. King.

He has been assisted by Rev. C. S. Davis

of Acushnet, and Capt. Franklyn

Howland, of New Bedford. Dr. Ken-

ding, who delivered a course of lectures

in the church one of the weeks, gave

Bible readings afterwards. A number

have found pardon, and several back-

slidden in heart have returned. The

working condition of the church is

greatly improved.

Centerville and Oysterville. — Bro. Cod-

ding, the pastor, has, with his faithful

people, been doing extra work here with

good success. He reports the fruit

borne a year ago, sound to the core

with scarcely an exception. The meet-

ings at the former place have been in

union with the Congregational church.

MAINE.

Rev. C. E. Bisbee, pastor at Good-

win Mills, presented the missionary

case last Sunday, and touched the

million-dollar line. Bro. Bisbee is sup-

plementing the Sunday evening prayer-

meeting by illustrated lectures with the

use of the stereopticon. Last Sabbath

evening he gave a lecture on Pilgrim's

Progress, and will follow it with a se-

ries of views in the life of Christ, views

in Palestine, etc.

Rev. Geo. Holt, who is stationed at

North Yarmouth, has been holding

services during part of the year at Yar-

mouth Village, in the Universalist

church. Some years since, this village

was abandoned by the Methodists as a

preaching place, but recently there seems

to be a call for the return of the gos-

pel according to Methodism, and Broth-

er Holt has answered the call. The altar

lies may burn again at this point.

The bell of the Methodist church at

Biddeford cracked a few Sabbaths since,

but another one, with new hangings,

was immediately purchased, and will

be in place by next Sabbath.

Rev. J. M. Woodbury, of Conway,

received four persons into the Metho-

dist church at that place recently, and

baptized one. The Sabbath-school has

recently doubled within a few months.

The young ladies have organized a cir-

cle for the purpose of keeping the Sun-

day-school library replenished, and at

two gatherings have raised \$14. The

two Christmas trees on the charge bore

the pastor and wife \$40, with many

kind remembrances. Bro. W. is in his

happiest mood, and the church is pros-

perous.

The Maine Holiness Association held

its January meeting with the Methodist

church at Monmouth. The meetings

were full of interest, and good results

from the convention. Bro. Holmes is

doing a very successful three years'

pastorate on this charge.

Maine Methodism is delighted in hav-

ing one of our chief pastors among us

for a few weeks. Bishop Walden is

looking in the face of the Maine Metho-

dists and familiarizing himself with

their needs and interests. He was de-

lighted with the love-feast held in Pine

St. Church Sabbath forenoon, Jan. 23,

at the regular service. He preached at

Congress St. Sabbath afternoon, and at

Christ St. in the evening, having

large and appreciative audiences at both

places. The Bishop addressed the W.

M. Societies Monday afternoon, and

was present and participated in the

services of the Preachers' Meeting held

in Pine St. Monday, Tuesday and

Wednesday. The practical talks on

class-meetings, Bishop Taylor's work,

and the Chattanooga affair, showed

the Bishop to be one of the clear-head-

ed master minds in the administration

of the affairs of the church. His visits

through the districts will give new in-

spiration to our church work, and will

prepare him to intelligently make the

appointments.

The Chestnut St. ladies gave Bishop

Walden and the preachers of the Port-

land District Preachers' Meeting, with

their wives, a royal entertainment in

the evening, at which after-supper ad-

dresses were made by Dr. C. J. Clark,

Rev. W. S. Jones, Rev. E. Tinker, Hon.

A. S. Lock, and the Bishop.

About forty preachers were present

at the Portland District Preachers'

Meeting held at Pine St. Church. Pre-

siding Elder Jones' sermon on Monday

evening, on the personal pres-

ence of Christ with the church, His

guidance and approval, was an inspira-

tion to the whole meeting, giving it a

marked spiritual cast. Bro. Gerrish's

sermon on the second coming of Christ,

the resurrection of the dead, and the

final judgment, Tuesday evening, was

greatly impressive, and will not soon

be forgotten.

A new Methodist chapel has been

built and dedicated on Long Island — a

part of Chebeague charge. Rev. B.

Freeman, pastor.

Rev. A. S. Ladd spent Sabbath week

with his old parishioners at Waterville,

and helped them lift an old debt of \$700.

The subscriptions reached \$900 and

over.

PORTLAND DISTRICT.

Falmouth and Cumberland charge is

still being served faithfully by Bro. W.

Merrill, whose labors the Lord is

blessing. During the quarter twenty

two have been received from probation

into full membership. Two hundred

and twenty-five dollars have been ex-

pend in building sheds for the horses

of those who worship at Cumberland, and

\$75 for improvements on the church at

Falmouth. Bro. M.'s three years are clos-

ing under very encouraging auspices.

These places will offer an inviting field

of labor next year to some brother, and

we have no doubt that whoever may be

appointed, will deem it providential to

find his home here.

Goodwin's Mills is lamenting the

prospective loss of their highly-es-

teemed pastor, Rev. C. E. Bisbee.

Three years of assiduous labor are

coming to a close, but the retrospect is

encouraging. He has not labored in

vain, nor spent his strength for naught.

The church edifice had been re-ed-

ified; the membership has been in-

creased; the spirituality of the church

has been largely helped; the collections

have manifested an increased spirit of

liberality. The line of the "million

from collections" will be reached this

year in this charge. This is one of the

most inviting country charges in the

Conference, as the writer can testify

from experience, and he whom the

Bishop shall appoint here next Confer-

ence will have no occasion to com-

plain.

Elliot and South Elliot. — In labors

abundant, in zeal tireless, and in cou-

rage indomitable, Bro. K. Atkinson is

pursuing his work on this charge. In

addition to being "one of the best

preachers and pastors" — so say the

people — "he has ever had," he has

conferred a great boon upon all prech-

ers yet to come by conveying to the

parsonage a stream of the best water

anywhere to be found — in Elliott —

perennial, pure, invigorating, and by

his own manual labor, at the small cost

of about \$50. The million line will be

reached here also.

Ferry Village is still blessed with a

spirit of revival. Since our last, four

sea-captains have turned to the Lord.

Fifteen persons had been brought into

the light of God's favor before the 18th

ult., and three experienced the bless-

ing of perfect love. The pastor ex-

claims: "All hail the power of Jesus'

name!" W. S. J.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY CLUB OF

MAINE.

The second regular meeting of this

Club was held at the Augusta House in

Augusta, Me., on the evening of Jan.

19. There were not a great many per-

sons present compared with the large

number of persons who by right be-

long to the Club, for we have the names

of nearly seventy persons living in

Maine who have received a part of their

education at Wesleyan University, Mid-

dletown, Conn.; but those who were

present, made up for the lack of num-

bers by noble enthusiasm, and love for

Alma Mater. Geo. M. Warren, esq.,

was toastmaster of the evening. After

a bountiful collation, the following

officers were elected for the coming

year: President, Geo. M. Warren, esq.;

vice-president, Rev. O. H. Fernald;

secretary, Rev. C. L. Mills; board of

managers, Rev. A. F. Chase, Ph. D.,

Rev. E. M. Smith, E. S. Burrows, W.

H. Downs, esq., Rev. W. F. Holmes.

The meeting was a very enjoyable oc-

casión to all present. They found it

pleasant to recall old associations, re-

vive old memories, and renew their love

for "Wesleyan." When the meeting

broke up at a late hour, all present

promised themselves the pleasure (D.

V.) of being present at the meeting

next year.

C. I. MILLS, Sec.

VERMONT.

Bro. C. H. Farnsworth, of Groton, is

closing up his work; his pastorate

reaches its limit this year, under very

pleasant circumstances. At a series of

union meetings continued through two

weeks, at which Bro. J. O. Sherburn,

the presiding elder, assisted part of

the time, twenty or more manifested some

desire to seek the Lord, eight of whom

Bro. Farnsworth has already taken on

probation. In an accident on the M. &

W. R. Railroad, a few days ago, Sister

Farnsworth was injured, and for awhile

it was feared fatally; but she is now

improving, and it is hoped will entirely

recover in time. The accident occurred

in a most peculiar manner. The train

was a "mixed," having several freight

cars, with a passenger car at the rear.

At the point known as the Barre Junc-

tion, the front part of the train passed

all right, when something went wrong

so that the switch shifted and started

the rear part of the train towards

Barre. Of course, something had to

give way. The result was, that the

rear part of the train was derailed and

upset; but they were going slow, and

the passenger car went over so easily

into the snow that the windows even

were not broken. Bro. Farnsworth and

his wife, however, were on the upper

side, and fell the width of the car,

striking under a seat. It was feared, at

first, that her back was broken; but,

thanks to a gracious Providence, it is

now hoped that she has not received

permanent injury. She was the only

person who was hurt.

Bro. McGann, the evangelist, is assist-

ing Bro. F. H. Roberts at Lyndonville

in a series of meetings.

The parishioners of Bro. L. Dodd, of

Bakersfield, made a raid on the parson-

age the 20th inst., it being the sixteenth

anniversary of his marriage, and left

many silver and other tokens of re-

gard. Bro. Dodd and family are greatly

beloved by their people.

The church at South Londonderry

has been undergoing quite thorough re-

pairs. The building has been lengthen-

ed twelve feet, and handsome towers

grace each corner — the higher one with

spire being seventy-five feet high.

Stained windows, tinted walls, new

carpet and pulpit set, and paint inside

and outside, make it practically a new

church. It was occupied the first Sun-

day in January, the pastor, Bro. J. S.

Allen, preaching an appropriate sermon.

Bro. W. J. Johnson, of St. Albans,

preached two eloquent sermons at St.

Johnsbury a week ago, in exchange

with Bro. G. W. H. Clark.

Bro. R. Morgan, presiding elder of

Springfield District, took a few days'

respite from his excessive labors in a

trip to Boston to hear the eminent

evangelists, who are turning the city

"upside down." He was very much

pleased with what he saw and heard.

Bros. R. L. Bruce, of White River Junc-

tion, W. M. Gillis, of West Fairlee, and

others have also been to hear the two

"Sams."

The Vermont State Teachers' Associa-

tion held its thirty-seventh annual

session at West Randolph last week.

Principal Bishop of our Seminary was

chairman of the executive committee,

and Miss Harrison, our preceptress and

teacher in art, presented a paper on

"Temperance Instruction in our

Schools." Bro. T. P. Frost, of Mont-

peller, delivered his popular lecture on

"The Infant of the Revolution," Thurs-

day evening.

Bro. A. B. Truax and family, of Bel-

lows Falls, are in further affliction.

Their oldest son, Wilbur, had only just

recovered from a severe illness, when

it was feared would prove fatal, when

two to Northfield to visit old friends,

were prostrated with typhoid fever.

Sister Truax hastened to them; and at

this writing we have no definite knowl-

edge of their condition. But "all things

work together for good."

Sister Dean, wife of Bro. W. H. Dean,

of Moretown, has recently buried her

father, who lived in Hipton.

The debt on the parsonage at South

Royalton has all been pledged, and will

soon be paid. Bro. W. R. Davenport

will have the satisfaction of living in an

unencumbered house.

Will the brethren who subscribed to

the funds of the Methodist General

Hospital last Conference, send on their

subscriptions at once to Dr. Geo. P.

Mains, 356 Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y.?

They were long ago due, and are great-

ly needed. H. A. S.

CONNECTICUT.

Rockville. — Rev. J. H. James and his

people are filled with great joy. The

oppressing debt of \$28,000 is all sub-

scribed. It required a great effort

of faith to undertake the work. It also

required great skill to carry it through.

Other men in our Conference have done

well in this line, but Bro. James is en-

titled to the pre-eminence. He prayed

as though God was going to do all the

work; he worked as systematically and

heroically as though everything de-

pend on him. The two Congrega-

tional churches in Rockville and their

pastors — Rev. Messrs. Forbes and

Ricketts — showed by their acts that

they believe in Christian reciprocity.

Towards the last, both churches took

public collections for their struggling

public church; this in addition to per-

sonal subscriptions made by leading

deacons and business men. Messrs.

White and Corbin, of the M. E. Church,

by their large subscriptions, have shown

their undying love for the church of

their choice. At a meeting of the of-

ficial board of the church, Jan. 31, a res-

olution of thanks to all who have aided

in the work was unanimously adopted.

It is delightful to look back a few

years and record the progress made in

this district in the direction of debt-

paying. Danielsonville, East Main St.,

Norwich, New London, Hazardville,

Colchester, Moosup, Mashapaug, South

Coventry, Eastford, Putnam, Niantic

and Rockville were all more or less

afflicted with church debts. Now what

hath God wrought! He hath enabled

these churches to obtain deliverance

from their bondage. In a few cases

there still remain slight encumbrances

on parsonage property, but these will

soon be gone.

New London. — There is general pros-

perity in this church. They have large

congregations, especially Lord's Day

morning. The work of God goes for-

ward very quietly, but very effectively.

Some fourteen persons have been con-

verted within the past few months.

At the fourth quarterly conference, held

Jan. 24, the brethren voted unanimously

for continuance of the present pastor

another year. Bro. Hawkins is greatly

esteemed outside of his own parish.

In the ministers' meetings and union

meetings he always makes a favorable im-

pression for the church he represents.

Norwich, East Main St. — The brethren

and sisters here have been busily en-

gaged for several weeks making ready

a parsonage for their minister, Rev.

Nellie B. Swain, of New Haven, were

married, Feb. 2, in that city by Rev. G.

Cunningham. The ceremony took place

in one of the M. E. churches. They

take a short trip to Washington, return-

ing to their new home in Norwich,

where a reception is to be given them,

Friday, Feb. 11.

Rev. N. G. Lippitt, of Norwich, died

at his residence, Feb. 4, at the age of

seventy. He was a good man, filled

with the spirit of his Lord and Master.

He was an eloquent and convincing

preacher, a genial companion, a true,

noble-hearted friend. Norwich Metho-

dism will mourn for him, but he lives

the life immortal. G.

RHODE ISLAND.

The church in Millville has been en-

couraged with conversions. The clos-

ing of the Rubber Works has decreased

the attendance on the religious ser-

vices, as some have left the place. It

is, however, probable that work will

soon be resumed, and they will return.

Rev. E. P. Phearn, the pastor, is en-

joying his labors with this people.

The sixth annual meeting of the

Methodist Social Union of Providence

was held Friday evening, Jan. 21.

Prayer was offered by Presiding Elder

Jordan. A committee of three was ap-

pointed to report to the next meeting

of the Union a plan of supervision of

the Methodist missions in Providence

and vicinity. The presiding elder, F.

H. Maynard, and G. W. Smith were ap-

pointed. The following were elected

officers for the year ensuing: Presi-

dent, R. W. Smith; vice-presidents, H.

R. Rogers, E. Millard; secretary, J. E.

C. Farnham; treasurer, P. B. Ashley;

corresponding secretary, H. W. Conant;

directors, H. R. Gardiner, John Stott,

C. H. Bart, F. Smith, H. S. Tarbell.

Remarks were made by the newly-

elected president, by Professor E. B.

Andrews of Brown University, and

Rev. Thomas Slicer. Twenty-one per-

sons joined the Union the past year,

the present number being 116.

Dr. Tourje, of the N. E. Conserva-

tory, conducted an interesting praise

service in the Methodist Church in War-

ren, Sunday evening, Jan. 23.

There is a very encouraging condi-

tion of affairs in the Trinity Methodist

Church, Providence, Rev. C. L. Good-

ell, pastor. The congregations are

large and attentive. There were 487

present in the Sunday-school, Sunday,

Jan. 30. In the prayer-meeting at the

close of the school, six young people

asked for prayers. In the evening

meeting nine others were at the altar.

There has been an increasing religious

interest in this church since Bro. G. re-

sumed his pastoral labors.

In the Harris Avenue Methodist

Church, Providence, four were up for

prayers, Sunday evening, Jan. 30.

Indications of the revival spirit are

manifest in the Methodist Church, War-

ren, Rev. W. A. Wright, pastor.

A deep interest prevails in the Thames

Street Methodist Church, Newport.

Some thirty or more have been con-

verted.

Ten persons rose for prayers in the

Asbury Methodist Church, Sunday

evening, Jan. 30. This church has a

mission in Waresen, in the suburbs of

the city. A Sunday-school was orga-

nized, Sunday, Jan. 30. One hundred

were present in the evening meeting.

Rev. O. W. Scott, who has begun

his pastoral work in the Hope Valley

Methodist Church, which has been

closed for several months, organized a

Sunday-school, Jan. 30, of fifty mem-

bers. Meetings are interesting and well

attended.

A more surprised couple than Rev.

N. T. Whitaker and wife, Wednesday

evening, Feb. 2, it would be difficult to

find. Invited to dine with one of the

families of the church, the pleasant

visit was interrupted in the early even-

ing by the tidings that a couple were

in waiting at the parsonage for Bro. W.

Such calls as this are supposed to be

imperative, and Bro. W. and wife pro-

ceeded at once to respond. When lo!

on entering their dwelling, they were

saluted by more than seventy-five

couple, members and friends of

Mathewson St. Church, of which Bro.

W. is the esteemed pastor. No con-

quering hero ever met a more enthusi-

astic greeting than Bro. and Sister Whit-

aker as they entered the room. Among

the surprises of the hour was the pres-

ence of the host and hostess whose home

they had just left, but who by some

means entered the parsonage in advance,

and were ready to greet the pastor and

his wife. Others who had dined with

them, but were obliged to leave because

of a "prior engagement," were found

meeting that engagement at the par-

sonage. No people know better than

they of the Mathewson St. Church how

to make such a time exceedingly enjoy-

able. Refreshments were bountifully

served, and music and the freest, liveli-

est, social chat enjoyed. But the sur-

prises multiplied. There is a lull in

conversation. A few words are spoken,

and the pastor and his family are the

richer materially by \$213. Bro. W. re-

sponded with a full heart to this ad-

ditional token of his people's regard. He

claimed to be exceedingly blessed by the

kindly tokens of the hour; the people

claimed to have the best of it; and in

this spirit of happy rivalry, pastor and

people close the interview. Let us

hope that when Bro. W. enters his ex-

pected Port, he may be cheered by find-

ing a goodly land. S.

The following letter was voted by the

official board of Trinity M. E. Church,

Providence, R. I., to be presented to

Rev. O. W. Scott, and also to be pub-

lished in ZION'S HERALD: —

To Rev. O. W. Scott: —

DEAR BROTHER: The official board

of Trinity M. E. Church, of Providence,

R. I., desire to express to you their

gratitude for the faithful and successful

labors rendered the church during the

past few months. Coming to us as you

did, a stranger, at a time when the

church was in the greatest anxiety, be-

cause a serious charge had been made

affecting the Christian character of our

pastor, the delicate nature of your po-

sition was apparent to all. But not-

withstanding this, you have gained the

esteem and won the confidence of the

entire church, and by your good judg-

ment and exalted Christian testimony,

largely aided in sustaining the work of

the church during this trying time. We

make this method of expressing to you

our appreciation of your services, and

extend to you and your family a hearty

welcome to our fellowship so long as

you shall remain in this vicinity.

LOYD C. EDY,

GEORGE H. CHENEY, } Committee.

WALTER B. JACOBS,

PROVIDENCE DISTRICT.

The revival interest alluded to in our

last letter still continues in different

portions of the district, and though no

work such as is sometimes designated as

a "great revival" is anywhere in

progress, many places are sharing in a

blessed and helpful quickening.

From Westerly come tidings of about

a score and a half of seekers, with the

good work still moving forward. This

work began following the visitation of

the families of the town by the pastors,

who went forth two by two. At last

reports our church had witnessed as

many seekers at her altars as all the

other churches in the community,

though all are sharing the gracious in-

terest. Bro. Ela is closing his pastorate

here with prosperity on all sides. His

officials report the best state of church

finance since the organization of the

church. This is high praise, but well

deserved. And now that souls are be-

ing added to the church, the hard-work-

(Continued on page 8.)

Money Letters from Jan. 20 to Feb. 5.

H. D. Bourne, J. Burrill, M. G. Barker, E. C. Bass, G.

W. Butters.

W. M. Collins, J. H. Coleman, R. Clark, G. W. H.

Clark, G. E. Chapman, O. B. Copeland.

B. D. Dove, H. E. Laski, O. S. Danforth, A. D.

Davis, B. Dyce, I. Dyer, J. E. Dyer, J. E. Dyer.

H. Eaton, C. Emerson.

C. Ford.

E. F. Grover.

H. E. D. Jackson.

J. Knowlton, M. A. Keables.

A. S. Ladd, J. Leeper.

J. D. Miller, G. W. McNeal, H. McGill.

G. E. Palmer, J. P. Pillsbury, M. C. Pendexter.

J. L. Rice, Mrs. J. C. Robinson.

E. Spaulding, N. B. Strickland.

J. E. White, C. O. Walker.

IMPORTANT.

When visiting New York City, save Baggage Ex-

press and Cartage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union

Hotel opposite the Grand Central Depot.

600 Handsomely Furnished Rooms at \$1 and up-

wards per day. European plan. Elevators, and all

Modern Conveniences.

Restaurants supplied with the best. Horse cars,

and elevated railroads to all depots. You

can save five or ten dollars at the Grand Union

Hotel than any other first-class hotel in the city.

Marriages.

[Marriage notices over a month old not inserted.]

TURNBULL — PARKES. — In Cambridge, Jan. 23,

by Rev. N. B. Plak, Wm. J. Turnbull and Annie

CARL — WRIGHT. — In East Pepperell, Mass., Jan.

22, by Rev. P. C. Stoper, Charles W. Card and

Nellie F. Wright, both of E. P.

Business Notices.

READ the last column on the third page

Every publication for announcements of the latest

publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

Dr. Strong's Remedial Institute,

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

For Nervous, Female, Throat, Chest, Malarial and

other chronic diseases. Turkish, Russian, Roman,

Electro-Thermal, French Douche, and all baths.

Massage Vacuum Treatment, Swedish Movement,

Electricity, etc. Dry toilet atmosphere. Send for

Circular.

Glen's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies, 25c.

German Corn Remover kills Corns, Bunions, 25c.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye — Black & Brown, 25c.

Flake's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winkley's Soothing Syrup should al-

ways be used for children teething. It soothes the

child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind

colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea, 25c.

bottle.

GEORGEY HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Broadway and 46th St., opposite Metropolitan

Opera House and Casino. Hotel entirely new.

Desirable for business men or families. Euro-

pean Plan. Rooms \$1 per day upwards. Excellent

restaurant. MACAULEY & BOWERS, Proprietors.

CORR'S COMPLEXION SOAP the choicest of Toilet

soaps. Cleanses, cures skin eruptions, leaves the skin

soft as velvet. Ladies ask for Free Sample for trial.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Augusta District Min. Assn., at Whitport, Feb. 7-9

Providence District Min. Association, at

Attleboro, Mass., Feb. 7-9

Rochester Dist. Min. Assn., at Wiscasset, Feb. 7-9

Ranger Dist. Min. Assn., at Orono, Feb. 7-9

White Mountain Min. Assn., at N. Haverill, Feb. 8-9

Dover Dist. Min. Assn., at Garder St.

Church, Lawrence, Mass., Feb. 28-March 1

New Bedford District Preachers' Meet-

ing, at Grace Church, Taunton, March 7-9

SPRING CONFERENCES — 1887.

CONFERENCE. PLACE. TIME. BISHOP

S. Y. East. Mt. Vernon, N.Y., April 7, 7, Fowler

New York. Kingston, N.Y., April 7, 7, Fowler

East German. Boston, Mass., 14, Foster

North's N. Y. Little Falls, N.Y., 14, Foster

New England. Leominster, Mass., 14, Walden

Troy, Saratoga, N.Y., 21, Harris

Vermont. St. Johnsbury, Vt., 21, Walden

New Eng. Soc. Fall River, Mass., 21, Fowler

New Hampshire. Nashua, N. H., 28, Harris

Maine. Waterville, Me., 28, Walden

East Maine. Bangor, Me., May 5, Walden

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.

Rev. John Collins, Great Falls, N. H.

THE WEST BUCKSPOST DISTRICT MINIS-

TERIAL ASSOCIATION will commence its session

at Ellsworth, March 7, closing on the Wednesday

evening following. C. E. LINDY.

Bucksport, Me.

N. E. M. HISTORICAL SOCIETY NOTICE. —

Rev. Samuel Foster Upham, D. D., of Drew Theol-

ogical Seminary, will read a paper on the History of

Methodism in Bristol, R. I., at the next meeting of

the New England Methodist Historical Society, in

the Society's Room, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston,

Monday, Feb. 15, 1887, at 2 30 p. m. Directors will

meet at 2 p. m. R. W. ALLEN, Cor. Sec'y.

NOTICE. — A District Meeting of the Woman's

Home Missionary Society will be held at the Ap-

pleton M. E. Church, Neponset, Thursday, Feb. 10,

afternoon and evening. Interesting speakers have

been secured. All interested in this work are in-

vited to be

The Family.

SPEAKING TO THE HEART.

[EDITORIAL.]

When a great truth really fills the mind, it naturally seeks to find expression in speech. It is then more difficult to restrain one's self from speaking than to speak. "All repression is grievous when a man is full of some truth."

He who strains after effects either in speech or prayer, fails to achieve any higher result than to reveal the vanity which is his animating motive. His hearers feel intuitively that his overstrained earnestness is based on a desire to win their approval rather than on a purpose to do them good. True genius is self-possessed and self-possessed, because

"It is no task for suns to shine."

The spiritually-minded man finds himself lifted to the highest point of honor and joy just where he sinks the lowest before God. He reaches the goal of rest where he abandons his last proud aspiration. His virtues grow apace when his heart becomes a garden planted with the meekness and lowliness of Christ. For he then finds by sweet experience that

"Lowliness is the base of every virtue, and he who goes the lowest builds the fastest."

And this is because God "giveth grace to the humble" while "He resisteth the proud." Hence it is that folly enthrones itself in the house of pride, and wisdom builds its nest in the heart of the humble man.

A dying child, wearied with long sickness, looked into the face of a sympathizing visitor, and exclaimed, "Oh, death will be so beautiful! My Saviour loves me!" And death is beautiful to all who, like that child, can say, "My Saviour loves me!" For to such, is not "the king of terrors" only the conquered slave of Jesus, appointed to unbar the gate which stands between the present and the future, and to admit his Master's friends into His gracious presence? Hence a poet fittingly says:—

"The sting of death doth neither fright the worm
That spins itself a silken tomb,
Nor the forgiven child."

How can a man to whom death "is gain," help exclaiming with the dying child, "Oh, death will be so beautiful! My Saviour loves me!"

That church member who has so far fallen from his former spirituality as to affirm that he can frequent the theatre with a "good conscience," needs to recollect that a good conscience is not necessarily a pure and guiltless one. St. Paul said, "I verily thought I ought to do many things against the name of Jesus." His conscience not only did not condemn, but actually approved, actions for doing which he subsequently confessed himself to be "the chief of sinners." Hence the silent conscience of a worldly-minded man is no proof that he is doing right when he sits with an ungodly crowd feasting his lower nature on the frivolities of the stage. Perhaps his conscience might give a different testimony if he would place it awhile in the light of the expressive fact, that "the friendship of the world is enmity with God . . . a friend of the world is the enemy of God!"

SAVED FROM RUIN.

Sam Small Tells About His Life and His Conversion.

He was most attentively listened to as he gave the story of his life, and tears stood in many an eye as he told of his final triumph through faith and repentance. He took for his text Acts 3:16: "And his name, through faith in his name, hath made this man strong whom ye see and know; yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all." In his sermon he said: It is said that on one occasion there came into a busy mart in an eastern city a dusty and travel-stained stranger, and he wandered aimlessly about until he saw in gilded cages some little song birds. The traveler listened if perchance he could hear a song from them, but the birds had worried themselves in vain efforts to escape and could not sing. Then the stranger took from his pocket coin of a strange country and purchased all the birds and set them free, and each one as he soared away poured out his whole soul in melody. And the people said to the stranger, "Why have you done this?" And turning to them a face radiant with happiness, he said: "I was a captive once myself, and know the sweets of freedom." So it was with me. I was a captive once, and I was set free by the love of Jesus, who put a glad song in my mouth and gave me a glimpse of home. Oh, that I could, with the silver of Christ, purchase the freedom of every one held in bondage and slavery to-day!

Mr. Small then told of his early manhood, how he was reared in the atmosphere of a religious home, and how in college he tasted of the pleasures of the world and gradually forgot his early trainings. When he left college he studied hard to fit himself for the bar, but at the same time he found himself in the gay circles of society. He looked at the same time for the way in which the men high in the profession had obtained their position, and with the hasty judgment of youth concluded that they had attained them by social successes. And so he went with all the vigor of youth into all those pleasures. About this time he married a young and beautiful woman, but soon after the wedding ceremony she found that she had married a man whose appetites and passions took him away from home and into places where she could not go.

Then, he said, she tried to win me back by all her arts of affection and love to those high ideals that I once had, but I put her off almost ruthlessly and said, "When I have obtained the goal of my ambitions I will be more at home." Then children were born to our home, and as I looked at them in their cradle I could not see the cloud that was soon to darken their young lives. And now my father, who had always held his head erect, passed me with

bowed head as he saw me with the marks of my debauchery upon me. And then he died, and I rallied against God's providence and went back again to all my wickedness. Then I saw my mother begin to fail, and finally she died, but it only made me curse God more and push on to deeper depths of debauchery and dissipation. My wife pleaded with me with all the faith of her nature, but there seemed to be a power that dragged me back in spite of everything. Yet I was not lost to all sense of manhood and honor, and often said I would reform. Then I found that when a man gives rein to these carnal purposes he might as well try to bind the African lion as to try to stay his headlong career. The appetite for strong drink had mastered me completely, and I was bound hand and foot by it.

At length I went to one of the most skillful physicians in Atlanta, and said if he would cure me he could have his price. He worked faithfully and was succeeding admirably, but in an evil moment it was all swept away and I was back where I was before. Attempt after attempt of this kind failed, even with physicians in London and Paris, and one of them declared his belief that there was nothing in this world that could drive me and my appetite. So we came back home, and through all my dissipation I had friends in high position who sustained me in a place to provide amply for my family, too amply, in fact, for it left me more money for my debaucheries. I came at last to a condition of hopelessness, where I was trembling between the choice of driving idly from drink or of relief by the suicide's pistol. One Sunday morning, however, I awoke with one of my lucid intervals, and as I looked into the faces of my children, who had learned to fear me, I thought, myself, what can I do to win back their love and let them see a father's love still smoldering in my breast? And I determined to take them up to hear Sam Jones, not with any care to hear him, but simply to give the children the pleasure of seeing the crowd. I came away from the meeting as deeply a convicted man as ever walked; but I went back to my old companions and did my best to drown the reproaches of an awakened conscience, and all the next day I was in a wilder delirium than ever, and I went on with it with perfect recklessness, not with a thought of what I was doing, but simply in the desire to get away from the calls of the Spirit of God. But as I sought to drown in whiskey these thoughts, I felt its physical effects, but it would not stupefy my brain. I went home, and as I grew more sober I went over my life, and thought: "I have tried everything human to cure me of this curse, and now there is nothing left for me but to go to Christ; I don't know whether He will cure me, but it is my only refuge." And I went to my chamber and fell upon my knees and poured out my heart to God. As I thus looked back upon my life I could not see one bright line or one good act that I could take to Christ, and I agonized there before God until I fell exhausted, with one last cry to God for mercy. For a few moments I lay there, and then, as I recovered consciousness, I thought at first I was paralyzed, for all my physical and mental pain was gone. I moved my hand and found I was not paralyzed. Then I sprang erect, and as I did so I seemed to hear a voice from above, "This is the love of God that passeth all understanding, and nothing but love shall you receive." I went down stairs and told my wife, whom I found in tears, and said, "I'm going to be the best husband you ever heard of," and I tried to comfort her, but she would not be comforted. She told me afterward why, and said it was because she thought that insanity, that had been hovering over me, had at last fallen. But my little children seemed to know that something good had happened, and came and took me by the hand and kissed me.

Mr. Small then told how he went out to preach, and how he told the men who knew him of his conversion, and how he had dedicated his life to God. He detailed his subsequent religious work and his final triumph over the appetite for strong drink, and in closing made a most earnest appeal to any one situated as he was to take the same course.—*Boston Journal.*

THE FATHERS—WHERE ARE THEY?

BY REV. J. E. ROBINS.

Some are in glory—we refer not to them. Others, with eye undimmed and natural force unabated, are still leading on God's aggressive hosts—we refer not to them. There are those who have fought a good fight, and finished their course in active life, who, borne down by the weight of years, have retired from the field and are waiting for their promotion to the church triumphant. Their names are on the Conference roll. Each year they are remembered to the amount of the few dollars sent them from the Aid fund, if they are in want; extreme; but does the Conference send them words of kindly remembrance and cheer?

When dead, an appreciative obituary will be read at the annual gathering; but must they wait till death before the heart of the Conference goes out toward them? Must death needs come to bring remembrance?

Does the church and pastor at home practically remember the veterans? Does the minister thoroughly realize that one of the fathers lives within the limits of his charge? Does the pastor appreciate the situation of this aged saint—that a man of flesh and blood, with feelings like his own, is now in retirement, himself once the centre of social life, now the outer-border; once thrilled with the excitement of battle, now sitting in the deepening shadows of approaching death; once the instructing mind and spiritual helper of hundreds, now few, if any, seeking his counsel or deriving inspiration from his devoted life; aged, feeble, lonely, almost forgotten, the crowds passing by, the Conference passing by, the church passing by, and the minister going on his way, save twice or thrice a year, when he drops in for a few minutes to make his regular pastoral call?

Must earthly forgetfulness anticipate the silence of the tomb, or midnight darkness antedate the resurrection glory? The fathers—where are they? Seek them out; tell them about the church work; listen to their recital of the campaigns of former years; confide in them; ask their advice and prayers. Help them out, if they are able to go, to the Conference, the camp-meeting, and the preachers' meeting. If they are not able, carry the news to them, and tell them their aged hearts. Do not forget the fathers. Such as they are, we may be some day. As we would have others do to us then, let us do unto them now.

A NEW "BUILDING TWO A DAY."

BY C. C. MCCABE.

[Written after reading with great delight the Twenty-first Annual Report of the Board of Church Extension, wherein it is shown that the Board added in the erection of nearly one and one-half churches for every day of 1886. Surely we may depend on the denomination itself for half a church per day with-out aid. Dedicated to all the doubting Thomases in Methodism.]

Tune, "Twenty Years Ago."
I'm wandering westward, now, dear Tom,
I'm wandering far away
From old Atlantic's mighty roar,
To San Francisco bay;
And everywhere I go, dear Tom,
My heart beats light and gay
To hear the people sing, dear Tom,
"We're building two a day!"

CHORUS:—
Building two a day, dear Tom,
Building two a day;
The people shout, the children sing,
"We're building two a day!"

Well nigh two million souls, dear Tom,
Each Sabbath morn, they say,
Are gathered in these sacred walls
To preach, and sing, and pray.
From hill and vale and prairie wide
They come from far and near,
And happy throngs in Zion, Tom,
Before the Lord appear.

CHORUS:—
Building two a day, dear Tom,
Building two a day;
The people shout, the children sing,
"We're building two a day!"

'Mid rum saloons and gambling halls
We plant the standard fair
Of Wesley's legends brave and true,
And build the house of prayer.
The pure white flag of temperance, Tom,
To every breeze we fling,
And oh, 'tis grand beneath its folds
To hear the people sing.

CHORUS:—
Building two a day, dear Tom,
Building two a day;
The people shout, the children sing,
"We're building two a day!"

O Tom, you must believe it now,
And Uncle Daniel too,
For 'saying is believing,' Tom,
Except with very few.
Some stand against the great sun's ray,
And cry, "We cannot see,
While all around them gleaming shines
The light of broad noonday."

CHORUS:—
Building two a day, dear Tom,
Building two a day;
The people shout, the children sing,
"We're building two a day!"

The heralds speed, the churches rise,
The conflict deepens still,
With dauntless faith we lift our eyes
To Zion's holy hill.
For Zion beautiful,
The joy of all the earth,
For out of Zion God hath shined,
Then sing with holy mirth.

CHORUS:—
Building two a day, dear Tom,
Building two a day;
We're on the million line, dear Tom,
"We're building two a day!"

I never blamed you much, dear Tom,
For all you had to say;
It seemed too good to sing with truth,
"We're building two a day!"

Get ready for the grand refrain
To join our glorious lay,
We're on the million line, dear Tom,
"We're building three a day!"

CHORUS:—
Building three a day, dear Tom,
Building three a day;
We're on the million line, dear Tom,
"We're building three a day!"

OUR OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

[Concluded.]

It was surprising to note the increased zeal of certain false prophets and fault-finders, as they saw the completed edifice. "Our church looks a great deal better than the new one at the Corners," said Mr. Moulton, who had defended the old "cheese-box" pulpit so valiantly, and fought for it literally "inch by inch." "We must build a new parsonage now, we have done so with the meeting-house," added Sabrina Kelsey, who had wept over the old drab cushions. Even Hepsy Norton smiled approvingly upon the new granite steps, and heaved a sigh of relief as he gazed at the pretty ceiling and missed the cracked plastering which had threatened to "swallow" her. And Ezra McDougal's wife, who, vexed from the first by her husband's generous subscription, had found fault with every project, came to the front at the last moment and offered to bake any quantity of her famous "black cake" for the expected visitors.

The Todd sisters who went to the "other church," invited us to take all the flowers in their "front yard" for bouquets; and Captain Seabright, who denounced churches and ministers, sent his servant with congratulations and offers of assistance.

There is nothing like success, to command respect.

The afternoon before dedication, we met to practice our anthems. The choir from the "Corners" was with us, and Washington Smith, our leader, was beating time and singing with a kind of exalted nervousness, which was designed to keep us from "dragging"—a fault that Washington abominated.

Mr. Deane was superintending the arrangement of evergreens and flowers around the pulpit, assisted by a number of the young people who had learned to love him as they had never dreamed of loving a minister before, when father came in with a letter in his hand, which he handed to Mr. Deane. He read it, and sat down upon the platform as though his strength had suddenly left him, while he and father looked into each other's faces with an expression of perfect dismay.

Washington Smith passed with uplifted hand, and the music wavered and stopped as we all inquired: "What is it?"

"Dr. Lothrop is sick, and cannot be with us to-morrow."

"What shall we do?" asked one after another, as we began to realize the

extent of our calamity. There were no telephones in those days, or even telegraph wires, waiting to summon a substitute; not even a railroad within a dozen miles. What could we do?

Father and the minister, after a moment's consultation, left the church. "Je-whittiker!" ejaculated our perspiring leader, craning his neck to look after them. "I wouldn't hev had this happen, not for twenty-five dollars!"

Our anthem dragged heavily until by and by a small boy came to tell us that the service would be held the next day, sure. But not until I reached home did I know that Mr. Deane was to preach the sermon. The "officials" had decided that they preferred him to any one who could be obtained at that late hour, and as some of them said: "He had had the hard work to do, and he deserved the honor." "Pray for me, Maria," said he, as he came from his room, and went out into the pine grove.

That night Lillian came home from school, a graduate, with her diploma signed, sealed and tied with blue ribbon. Lillian was two years younger than I, and enjoyed some privileges that did not fall to the older sister; but we loved each other dearly, and this home-coming had been long anticipated; but our joy was somewhat subdued by the anxiety we all felt regarding the great day and the young minister.

"What makes you all worry so?" she asked, as we sat together after tea. "I dare say Dr. Lothrop would have given us some old sermon, and now we shall have a new one. I've heard these doctors of divinity—they came to the Seminary quite often; and they look and talk very much like some of our old ministers."

And so she sat crimping our ruffles and humming a little tune, quite unable to comprehend the situation.

I prayed for rain that night, and hoped it would pour all the next day; but not the morning dawned with a clear sky and a light breeze, just enough to make the August heat endurable.

The "first bell" was the signal for a few, who were always in season, to begin the ascent of Meeting-house Hill; and in due time teams from the "Corners," from "Cedaridge," and "Brier Hill" came briskly through the streets. Minville, on foot and perspiring, made all commendable haste to secure good seats while the friends from a distance were hitching their horses and triggering their wheels on either side of the green.

Each new arrival was eagerly noted, and I remember so well the fluttering in the gallery when one of the Lawson girls cried out: "There comes Harrison Hastings! Must be he's home on furlough!" and Washington Smith hastened down to invite him into the choir.

Alas! alas! any one forgotten how a "soldier boy" looked in those days? How glad he was to see us all, and how we sunned ourselves in his grandeur and gloried in his freshly-won epaulettes!

And what a tenor he sang that day!

But we were reminded of our special disappointment when he said: "I am so glad to have this opportunity to hear Dr. Lothrop. He lectured in Baltimore when I was there, and I liked him very much."

Alas! alas! we all shared his very evident disappointment.

After the church was filled, and fans were fluttering like flocks of butterflies on every side, the old ministers who had preached there in bygone days, walked slowly down the aisle to reserved seats, while those who were to "assist" ascended to the pulpit; and last of all came father, mother and Lil, to find themselves reduced to the front side seat among strangers.

Then the organ roared its welcome, we sang our opening voluntary, and the preliminary exercises followed; but it all passed like a dream until Mr. Deane rose to explain the absence of the noted preacher. Many had not heard that he could not be there, and there was a rustle of surprise and disappointment through the audience. It was not strange, for the mystical letters, "D. D.," were supposed to indicate a degree of brilliance with which our rustic village was quite unfamiliar.

Then came the sermon. I cannot recall the text, but it must have been a good one, else it could not have borne such fruitage that day. After a few minutes, we who were most anxious grew hopeful, and a little later forgot who was preaching; while the old ministers who had settled back at first with audible groans and severely critical faces, leaned forward eagerly, and responded heartily to the eloquent words which had gathered their strength in the night hours, and been baptized by the earliest morning dews.

Shall I ever forget that day? How the sunbeams struck down through the windows, lighting up the flowers, the glittering chandeliers, and fresh bright tints everywhere! How they concentrated themselves upon Harrison Hastings' brass "eagle buttons," and danced up and down the organ pipes like restless fingers! I see it all again, and hear the words which rang through that dear old church twenty-three years ago.

After the sermon, we sang our grandest anthem of praise with an unctious which touched some celestial chords, I am sure. Then followed the closing ceremonies, the congratulations, handshakings and gradual melting away of the crowd down the sides of Meeting-house Hill.

When Lillian and I were at last free, we hurried to the kitchen to prepare a feast for the hungry ministers in our front room. I was in a state of exaltation over our minister's success, and was quite shocked when Lillian shut the door with a bang and began to laugh.

"How foolish you do act, Lillian," I said; "I feel like singing the doxology."

"Can't help it, Maria," she gasped. "I haven't dared to laugh or cry before, because I had to supply your precious minister with a handkerchief to-day."

"A handkerchief!" I echoed, and darted out into the hall. There upon the table lay three beautifully ironed ones that I had put under his hat lest he might forget to take one from his room. I returned to the kitchen and sat down in the rocking-chair feeling very meek.

"You see, Maria," went on my younger sister, "we had to sit crowded up close to the pulpit, and when you were singing the second hymn I noticed that Mr. Deane was searching for something. He looked under the Bible, and down on the carpet, and in all his pockets; so of course I guessed he had forgotten his handkerchief. I knew he must have one, so I rolled mine up—wasn't it fortunate my embroidered one was soiled so I couldn't take it?—and I threw it into the pulpit. It struck his foot, and you never saw a man look so thankful as he did when he picked it up."

"And how many people saw the performance?" I asked.

"Not any, I guess," said Lillian carelessly. "Everybody was looking at you, and you did sing beautifully, Maria, and Captain Hastings looked grand enough for a brigadier-general. My chief trial was that I dared not cry when the rest did. Or was it a handkerchief trial?"

I told her I would not laugh at her nonsense, and turned away almost vexed that she had been able to render such service.

Several days later two maiden sisters by the name of Applebee called. In speaking of them we generally ignored the first two syllables, and called them the "Bees," since their daily gatherings of gossip seemed to ally them with those industrious insects. One difference existed, however—they did not carry their honey to any particular hive, but scattered it promiscuously.

"They tell a pretty story about you, Lillian," said Miss Agatha. "They say you threw a note into the pulpit on dedication day, all wrapped up in your pocket handkerchief. I see you look guilty," and she shook her finger furtively toward Lillian's blushing face.

"Well, says I, maybe she's old friends with Mr. Deane. At any rate, says I, she wouldn't do anything out of character. For, says I, if there was ever a girl raised in Minville who was predestinated to be a minister's wife, that girl is Lillian Porter. Folks said Maria was the one; but I said no! Maria's got too much temper. Not but what that's a virtue, but it seems uncalled for in the ministry. But, says I!—and Miss Agatha gave me a benevolent glance—"there was that young man with pamphlets on his shoulders—well—with a sharp look at her sister—"what you laughing at? Epaulotes or breastplates, whichever you choose. When I see him singing with Maria, says I, he is a kindred spirit; and besides, he knows how to deal with rebels!"

In spite of our vexation, we laughed with the two "Bees" whose honey was so acclimated.

But evidently Lillian was "predestinated," for in due time she married the minister, and most sweetly has she borne the peculiar experiences for which Miss Agatha considered me unfit.

And I—well, I wrote friendly letters to several of the soldier boys—home letters were prized in those days; and after the war, when Harrison came home with only one hand, and offered it to me, what could I do but accept it? So here we live only a few miles from Minville, and there comes my Harry from school to remind his mother that the whole forenoon has slipped away in dreams over the ashes of our old meeting-house.

THE PRINCE AND THE CHILDREN.

There was a story of an Indian prince, Who wished the origin of speech to know, And so he turned to little children—since It is to them for knowledge wise men go.

He took these little ones while yet men dream In Winter's cold embraces; for so God wills. Into thy night Of we shall break the morning light, As bursts new life above the sea.—Selected.

No happy nursery rhymes, no lullabies These little children ever sang or heard, No mother waited for the sweet surprise Of hearing their first precious, lisping word.

But after many years the prince one day Ordered the children to be brought him

He sat upon his throne in grand array, And all his learned men were gathered there.

Shrinking, though innocent, and shy with fear, Before the august prince the children came. The wise men watch them eagerly to hear Their language, but the children are all dumb.

They ask them many questions, as they try Of the voiceless depth some sound to bring; The children never utter word or cry, But only stand there, mute and wondering.

And so the prince's queer experiment Was but a failure. All the tongues were dumb. The children silent came and silent went. They could not speak, for they had never tried.

Sometimes I wonder, should His kingdom come, That kingdom, full of joy and peace and love, Would we be found, like those poor children, dumb? Or could we speak the language from above?

What if its words and meaning all unknown Should fall upon us unaccustomed ears? How can we make that heavenly tongue our own? Unless we try to learn and speak it here?—BESSIE CHANDLER, in *Congregationalist*.

The Little Folks.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

Up among the Vermont hills live two children who do not like to get up early. So their mother said one day, "I will give you a cent apiece every morning if you are down promptly to breakfast."

It was queer how that cent cleared the sticks out of the children's eyes, took the sleepy gaps out of their mouths, the stretchiness out of their

limbs, so that instead of turning over to go to sleep again, Ruby and Buzz would give one good jump out of bed into the middle of the floor; then they were wide awake and the day was fairly begun.

In this way the children had each earned six cents. Ruby went about rattling her pennies in her apron pocket, but Buzz, although he had a nice pocket in his new trousers, put his money in a box in the bureau drawer.

"To-morrow will be Sunday," said Buzz Saturday night as they went to bed. "I don't think we ought to take a cent for getting up early on Sunday morning."

"Oh, I do," said Ruby. "And that will be seven cents I shall have then."

"But I do not think it would be right to earn a cent, in such a way, on Sunday," said Buzz.

"This is not doing real work and earning money on Sunday," said Ruby; "this is only getting up, and we have got to do it any way and I mean to have a cent for it and that will be seven cents in the morning," and Ruby took her money out of her pocket and piled it in a pile on the table.

"Getting up early for a cent on Sunday would be working to get the cent," said Buzz stoutly, "and I am going to do it without any pay on Sunday."

"Well, I think it is the way to get a cent for it if you can," said Ruby; "let us ask mother."

The children placed the case before their mother.

"Why do you think it is right to take a cent on Sunday, Ruby?" she asked.

"Cause I want it, and I will have more if I do," said Ruby; "we are paid for getting up—and we do get up on Sunday just as we do on other mornings, and we ought to be paid for it just the same."

"Now, Buzz, why do you think it is not right?" asked the mother.

"Cause getting up is work for us—it is not work for you or papa, but it is for us, and you say we because it is, and I don't want to work for money on Sunday—and then—and then"—here Buzz hesitated.

"What is it, my boy?" asked the mother.

"And then," the little fellow went on, "there is something in me, down here"—and Buzz laid his brown, chubby hand over his heart—"that feels queer when I do what I think isn't right—not a pain, you know, but a queer feeling. I had 'most rather have a bee sting me."

"But, if you do not take the money you will not have as many cents as Ruby has. Will you like to hear her counting the cents over—always having more than you?" asked the mother.

"No, I shan't like that. I don't like to hear her count her money any way. Ruby needn't count it so much. But I shall not take a cent on Sunday."

"And I shall take a cent every Sunday—just as soon as mother will give it to me," said Ruby.

The mother said they should decide for themselves. So Ruby took her money each Sunday and she had a quiet conscience, nor did the way of difference that the children's natures began to diverge.

Ruby had more money, and more "good times;" but Buzz had a more tender love for the right, because he had made a sacrifice for it, and this made his heart strong to do right things even when they went a little against the grain.—*Wide Awake.*

A LESSON.

O, wait, impatient heart! Winter waits; he's long-birds fled, And every nestling blossom dead. Beyond the purple seas they sing! Beneath soft snows they sleep, even in their secret thoughts, accuse her of doing wrong.

Buzz went without the Sunday cent, and he too had a quiet conscience. But it was at this point of difference that the children's natures began to diverge.

Ruby had more money, and more "good times;" but Buzz had a more tender love for the right, because he had made a sacrifice for it, and this made his heart strong to do right things even when they went a little against the grain.—*Wide Awake.*

Miscellany.

Wait.

"Oh, the drudgery of this every-day routine," cries many a business man and many a house-keeping woman. "To get through the day and have the same round to traverse to-morrow!" Yes, but how do you know what use the gracious Superintendent of your life is making of this humdrum as you call it? A poor, blind mule horse treads his beat, hour after hour, and all seems to come to nothing. But the shaft he is turning is geared into others, and they into wheels, that in other rooms, above him, far beyond his hearing, are working out results that he could never comprehend. Wait until you see no longer through a glass darkly, and see the unbroken bearing and connections of your life-work with other generations, and, may be, with other worlds.—Selected.

Farm and Garden.

Poultry.

No doubt a well-managed incubator pays well for hatching hens' eggs and ducks' eggs. Good cross-bred fowls are more profitable for market than full breeds. Always use full-blooded roosters and gobblers. Ducks and geese are best bred pure, except, perhaps, when cross-breeding hybrids are desired, crossing common ducks with Muscovies and time geese with the wild gander. These are superior for the table, and bring a proportionately higher price when known. — *American Agriculturist.*

Orchard Pests.

Three of the greatest pests to the orchardist are: Tent caterpillars, mice and rabbits. The caterpillars' eggs, glued in a band near the ends of the twigs, can be readily seen on a cloudy day. Cut off and burn them. The mice are found in young trees through mice holes and in large trees through the trunk. Tramp the snow firmly around the trunks after each fall to repel mice, and apply blood or the trunks with liver or bloody mud to repel rabbits. Keep out stray animals. — *Ibid.*

Winter Butter.

The principal reason winter butter is so light colored, is because of the cream becoming bleached before it is churned. The richest color of the cream is when it first rises to the surface, and if churned in that condition the butter will be yellow. If it remains exposed to the light and changes of temperature, the rich yellow color disappears. Our conclusion is, then, that butter is white because the cream is kept too long before it is churned. If you don't believe this, try the experiment of taking some cream and letting it stand in a glass vessel, and mark the changes that take place in the color. Churn off cream, even if the supply of cream is small, and note the difference in the butter. — *Home Farm.*

Mauring Orchards.

This work may be done even as late in the season as this, rather than go undone. It is true there will be greater waste, as the ground is frozen in some cases, much of the dressing might be carried away by melting snows or rains. The better time, of course, to do this work is in the fall. The dressing should be spread over all the ground in an orchard, or, if it is to be applied about a single tree, certainly as far as the branches extend. The practice of putting lime just about the body of the tree is not a good one. It often happens that coarse dressing may be spread over the ground in an orchard at this season of the year on the snow to good advantage. No one should neglect fruit trees to bear year after year, and the land receive no manuring. — *Congregationalist.*

Indigestion in Calves.

This often brought on by too much and too rich milk, irregular feeding, long fasting, and where the mother is giving poor food and water. It is common where the calves are fed from the pail and are given pure milk. The most prominent symptoms are colicky pains, diarrhoea, constipation, vomiting, staring coat, and emaciation. The best remedy in this, as in many other disorders, is to remove the cause. Feed at regular intervals three or four times a day, give alkalies and acids—alkalies after feeding, and acids before. Lime-water may also be given with good effect. If tympanitis should set in, give charcoal or ammonia. — *Agriculturist.*

Educational.

LESLIE SEMINARY.
The day of prayer for colleges was observed at the Seminary with special services. In the morning, Rev. W. P. Odell, of Malden, preached an earnest and impressive sermon from the text, "There shall no sign be given." In the afternoon the school was addressed by Rev. W. L. Haven, of Newton Centre, and Rev. W. K. Newhall of Auburndale. Mr. Newhall spoke of the need and power of Christ in the heart, with forcible illustration and application. Mr. Haven took "To-day" for a text, and showed the necessity of turning to God in the accepted time. Both sermons were of unusual interest.

B. U. SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY.

Rev. George Sexton, D. D., LL. D., of London, who is now lecturing in this country on topics of science and religion, gave an address to the students of this school last Monday on "The Origin of Man." The lecture was a masterpiece of classic English, full of facts and forceful thought, and by its wealth of learning and aptness of illustration showed the Dr. to be a master of the subjects of which he treats. After the lecture various questions were answered which had occurred to the minds of the students. The Doctor has more than thirty lectures which he is giving in different parts of the country. His Boston address is 45 Pinckney Street.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

The day of prayer for colleges was a day of much interest in our University. Class prayer-meetings were held from half past eight in the morning to half past nine; after which a general service was held until noon. It was a season of great spiritual power and earnestness. The chief speakers were President Payne and Bro. Spencer of the Church Extension Society. Representatives, appointed for that purpose, reported the state of religion in the several classes. These reports revealed the fact that of the six hundred and sixty students in attendance, about two-thirds were already professors of religion. Interesting services were held in the afternoon and evening. During the day seventy-one, by rising, expressed a desire to be saved from their present state of sin. The work is still going on. Thank God, the day of revivals is not passed! — *F. MERRICK.*

MONUMENT TO REV. GEORGE PICKERING IN THE CEMETERY AT WALTHAM.

Through the liberality of George Pickering Bemis, a son of the late Mr. Emory Bemis, well known in the churches, a fine monument has been erected to the memory of Mr. Pickering, and all the members of his own family, with the parents of Mrs. Pickering, Abraham and Abigail Bemis. Mr. George P. Bemis is a grandson of Rev. George Pickering, and he was named for his grandfather. He is a wealthy real estate owner in Omaha. He has also erected a monument on the adjoining lot to the memory of his father and family, and a sarcophagus on the lot of the late Dr. Theodore Kittredge, a son-in-law of Rev. Geo. Pickering. The three lots join.

The monument is of highly polished Quincy granite with a base of white granite, and is nearly or quite twenty feet in height. On the north side of the monument—the front as you enter the cemetery—on the base, in large raised letters, is the name "PICKERING," and on the die the following inscription:—

REV. GEORGE PICKERING

Born 1769. Died 1846.
Oldest effective Methodist preacher in the world at his death. His last words were: "My affairs for time and eternity are settled. Glory be to God!"

MARY, HIS WIFE—
with date of birth and death. On the east side appear the names of Abraham Bemis and wife, with date of birth and death. On the west side of the die is a record of the children of Rev. Geo. Pickering, with dates of birth and death.

It is, though it seems scarcely possible, forty years last December since this "prince in Israel" passed away from earth. His wishes with regard to a monument were strictly carried out by his immediate family. He desired that the family erect no monument to his memory. If the church which he had served so faithfully and so long desired to do it, he had no objection, though he had no solicitude about the matter, and could sleep on until the resurrection of the just as sweetly with but the sod to cover him as though resting under the most costly mausoleum.

The place of his sepulchre was enclosed with an iron railing, and the grounds were cared for by his relatives. This has been removed to give place to the very costly and beautiful monument which has just been completed and placed on the grounds.

George Pickering needed no earthly monument. He lived, and still lives, in the hearts of thousands to whom he preached the Gospel with an unflinching power rarely ever equaled, through a long ministry of fifty-seven years. The late Bishop James, when my guest a short time before his death, remarked, that of all the thousands of ministers he had met during his long and laborious life, for singleness of purpose, effective work in the ministry, full consecration to that work, and Christian, gentlemanly bearing, he had never seen the superiors of George Pickering and the late Dr. Willbur Fisk. They were his *beau ideal* of what Christian ministers should be.

And after "Father Pickering," as he was affectionately called for many years before his death, has slept for two score years, his memory is still fragrant. I often meet those in all parts of the country who sat under his ministrations, and they talk of his work as though it were but yesterday that they had listened to his words, and remember his sermons and addresses as though they had just heard them.

It was well fitting that a grandson, named after this man of God, should assume the care and responsibility and expense of rearing this monument to his distinguished grandfather. He has done a kindly, filial, generous act, and deserves and receives the thanks of the remnant of the family that remains, and should have the thanks of the church for this enduring monument to one of her chief ministers.

Mr. Bemis has also contributed for, and placed in one of our Omaha churches a memorial window to the memory of his grandfather—a distant memorial, but worthy of one whose name was once in all the churches.

As I close, I cannot but think of the lapse of time. Forty years! And it seems but yesterday that the good man's voice rang out in his pulpit, calling sinners to repentance, and his earnest prayers ascended with a power that I have scarcely ever realized from human lips. Forty years in the kingdom of God, knowing and understanding the will of God, and the mysteries that death alone could solve! Forty years of blissful rest with his beloved in heaven, and but a span of the infinite day of ever-increasing light and knowledge, and joy and victory before him. God help us to emulate his example, and that of the mighty men who wrought with him in the great vineyard of earth, and be prepared to do something, to leave a record, if we cannot do as much as he and his compeers did, for God and humanity!

GEO. W. FROST.

Alger followed with an instructive and earnest address upon "Domestic Missions."

He was followed by Rev. A. C. Coult with a valuable plea for the Conference missionary society to attend more carefully to this work, showing that the city and strong churches owed much to the feeble country churches. Rev. A. Twichell gave an account of the rise of the church in Woodville, still in need, but which has a property now worth \$4,000, and where souls are being saved.

Bro. Danforth took charge of the praise service at 7 o'clock. Rev. S. E. Quimby read Psalm 2 and offered prayer. President Smith introduced Rev. Dr. M. V. B. Knox, of Littleton, as the speaker. He took us round the world in an imaginary visit to our foreign missions in Africa, Europe, and Asia, and to our missions in the West in getting back to the starting place. He stated the rise, progress and success of the missions, where we had sent our money, and the appropriations for the new year. His mastery of putting things made vivid and forcible impressions. "Bringing in the Sheaves" was heartily sung. The president spoke a few moments. Pastor Cook made announcements, and Dr. Knox pronounced the benediction. The attendance during the day was doubtless much less than it would otherwise have been, on account of a heavy rain and bad walking.

Tuesday forenoon the meeting opened by a praise service led by Bro. Danforth. At 10 o'clock President Smith took the chair. Bro. Twichell led in prayer. The president announced the theme and speaker, "Missionary Heroism of the Past," Rev. J. C. Langford, of Stark. He held the close attention of the audience for more than half an hour as he presented many examples to illustrate his subject. This was followed by a paper by Rev. J. H. Hillman on the "Missionary Heroism of the Present." "How I take my Missionary Collection" was responded to by Rev. Bros. F. E. White, D. J. Smith, M. V. B. Knox, C. P. Taplin and S. E. Quimby. The remarks were of much practical value, commending the methods of the Discipline largely and the periodicals, *The Gospel in All Lands* and the little *Missionary Herald*.

A good-sized audience met in the afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, when Rev. W. A. Loyne, of East Haverhill, led the praise and prayer service. Miss Mary Danforth, of Colebrook, presented in a vivid and thrilling manner the work of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the church. Her words, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," were "fitly spoken." "Bishop Taylor and his African Missions" was then presented in a graphic and effective manner by Rev. S. E. Quimby, of Whitefield. He had the assistance of a large school-map of Africa to aid him in making his address thoroughly understood. His hearers took the most lively interest in his lecture. Dr. Knox was permitted to address the meeting on the Chautauque movement, to be organized at the Weirs next summer.

The evening services opened by a praise and prayer service led by Bro. Loyne. This was followed by the address on "China, Its People and our Work There," by Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D., of East Boston. He spoke to the largest audience (which ought to have been larger) of the convention. For nearly two hours he held its undivided attention. The information imparted and the impressions made will not be as seed on stony ground, but will be from and seen hereafter. "Bringing in the Sheaves" was sung, Dr. Knox pronounced the benediction, and the convention closed. The meeting grew in interest and attendance. It was not held in vain; and it will pay well to have similar meetings in large numbers through the land.

J. H. H.

Obituaries.

[All obituaries are now limited to a maximum of forty lines each. For every line exceeding this number twenty cents is charged.]

Brother C. W. HARRINGTON died at his home in Lynn, Mass., Nov. 6, 1886, in the 27th year of his age.

Suddenly attacked with typhoid fever, he soon became delirious, in which state, but with brief lucid intervals, he continued until the dawn of the celestial day lifted the cloud, and he passed peacefully into the arms of his Father. He was a class-leader and assistant Sunday-school superintendent in the St. Paul M. E. Church, both of which offices he filled with conscientious fidelity and great acceptability. His early religious convictions culminated in a decision to give his heart to Christ, and to commence Christian life, in the year 1873 at the camp-meeting in South Framingham. From that hour his walk with God was close and uniform. His clear conceptions of the importance of religion, and the deep sense of personal unworthiness which he had long cherished, became the keynote to his life. He was a man of long and quietude of mind and heart.

A large and faithful audience gathered in the church at midday for his funeral, and a yet larger number filled the sanctuary at a memorial service in honor of him on the following Sabbath. His name will long be as a monument poured forth in the church from his faithful and devoted followers.

WM. R. CLARK.

THOMAS S. WETHERS, youngest son of Jonathan Wethers, died in Kirby, Oregon, Oct. 29, 1886, aged about 60 years.

His parents, with three sons and two daughters, moved from Harvard, Mass., in 1830, and settled in Dexter, Maine. After nearly twenty-five years the parents, with two sons and one daughter, removed to New Jersey, where the father and oldest son Henry and his wife died. The aged mother and Elizabeth, the oldest daughter (a widow), removed back to Harvard, where the youngest daughter, also a widow, resided, and one by one they all passed away. Thomas with his family moved from New Jersey to Oregon. His health had been feeble, and after struggling a few years, he passed away, leaving his widow in feeble health, and his only child a widow also, the mother's only support. They will return East in the spring.

Thomas was a gentle, loving man, and an earnest worker in the Methodist Church. Of the family, Rev. S. F. Wetheres, of the Maine Conference, is the only survivor. He is in his 73d year, and in the 42d of his ministry. He was married in 1830, and has children all lived Christian lives, and died as Christians.

COM.

Isiah H. Johnson, died Jan. 5, 1887, nearly 81 years of age.

He experienced religion in Sandwich, N. H., where he lived twenty-three years. She had been a professor of religion for fifty years, and was a faithful Christian, a loving mother, always patient and submissive to the will of God. She was attached to the church of her choice, and the pastors were ever welcome to her home. She had been a reader of Zion's Herald over fifty-two years. A large number of friends testified by their eulogies to her worth, which she was held. Rev. J. M. Williams, pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Manchester, assisted by Rev. E. C. Crane, pastor of St. John's Episcopal Church, officiated at her funeral, which took place at the home of her daughter, Mrs. F. R. French, of Bedford.

JOHN MATTHEWS was born in Ireland, June 23, 1812, and died in Barre, Mass., Nov. 3, 1886.

Bro. Matthews married Jan. 1, 1833, and two years later came to this country. He spent one year in Vermont, three in New Braintree, Mass., and five in Petersham, Mass., the rest of the time in Barre. About forty years ago he was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, with which he continued a member until, as he believed, he was promoted to membership in the church triumphant. For the last four years disease has been slowly undermining his strong constitution, and for the last three months his mind rapidly failed; so that at the last he had no parting word of triumph from his lips; but his record is on high. He died at his home, the old Buttrick and Gibson house, where his widow still lives, tenderly cared for by her oldest son, Mr. John Matthews, of Citra, Florida. The other children are residing in different places.

About ten o'clock of the same day that Bro. Matthews died, Bro. MILTON HALL, another of the old members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Barre, while sitting at his work in the hat shop, fell to the floor, and within less than half an hour both breathed their last.

Bro. Hall was born in Sandwich, Maine, May 4, 1824. His family were Congregationalists, and when about twenty years old, in a revival held in his place, he professed Christ, and was baptized. He came to Barre, Mass., and this change resulted in a loss of religion, so that when he came to Barre to work in the hat trade, he was a Unitarian. He began to attend the Methodist meetings, and about thirty-eight years ago was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bro. Hall was quiet in his manner, but earnest in his religion—a kind husband, a tender father, a neighborly man. He said after the death of his wife, "I never saw any man so good as Bro. Hall." In January, 1884, he was suddenly taken sick, but was restored; and again he attended the Methodist meetings, and about thirty-eight years ago was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

May 10, 1849, he married Miss Hannah Howe, with a son, Rev. C. M. Hall, of the New England Conference, misses the dear one who has just gone before. J. A. DAY.

Died, at Woodstock, Vt., Sept. 9, 1886, Mrs. ELVIRA CHANDLER, aged 67 years.

Sister Chandler was born in Reading, Vt., Feb. 2, 1819, and was united to E. Chandler in 1838. She and her husband experienced religion at Middlebury, Vt., in 1844, and were baptized by Rev. V. Brown and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. After several years they removed to Poultney, Vt., and when they left they came to Canada, N. H., and came to Woodstock, Vt., to spend the remainder of their days with their son, Dr. H. Chandler. She lived one month after coming to Woodstock. Bro. Chandler passed from earth to his reward on high. It was a very sad experience for her part, but her loved companion soon after coming to her new home. But she rested upon the promise of God: "All things work together for good to them that love." Sister C. was a devoted Christian woman, strongly attached to her family and the church. She was a faithful worker in the church, and prayer-meeting, and was a constant attendant upon these meetings. She loved the Sunday-school, and took great pleasure in the study of the Bible, and in the study of the Word of God. She was deeply devoted to her family, willing to sacrifice her own comfort for the good and happiness of others. She was a devoted mother, and her children were all saved. She was a faithful wife, and her husband was a faithful minister of the Gospel. She was a faithful worker in the church, and prayer-meeting, and was a constant attendant upon these meetings. She loved the Sunday-school, and took great pleasure in the study of the Bible, and in the study of the Word of God. She was deeply devoted to her family, willing to sacrifice her own comfort for the good and happiness of others. She was a devoted mother, and her children were all saved. She was a faithful wife, and her husband was a faithful minister of the Gospel. She was a faithful worker in the church, and prayer-meeting, and was a constant attendant upon these meetings. 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